Week ending March 20 1948

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

FINDING THE RIGHT MARRIAGE PARTNER

by Dr. David Mace—page 5

•

Will it be another IRISH "NATIONAL"?

by Alan Hoby—page 15

BRUNETTES!

ENRICH THE NATURAL COLOUR of your hair

4 to 6 SHADES—make it LOVELIER, MORE LUSTROUS with this New *MAKE-UP* Shampoo

Brunitex new *MAKE-UP* Shampoo enriches and deepens the natural colour of dark hair by 4 to 6 shades—even those in-between tones, not quite black nor brown. Brunitex gives real deep colour to hair of brownish and blackish shades—without ugly dyeing.

Brunitex new *MAKE-UP* Shampoo contains the wonderful new discoveries —*Lunael* and *Colocel*. These stop dry scalp, and make your hair easy to manage. Excellent for children's hair. Get a packet of Brunitex today! See what your friends say tomorrow.

BRUNITEX MAKES YOU PRETTIER

FAMEL SYRUP

Goes to the Root of your COUGH

After a good day's work for Britain

—that's when beer is best

13

I've solved MY petrol problem with an

ARMSTRONG

"THE BETTER BICYCLE"

The Easiest Way to Travel Today

Call at your local dealer and order an Armstrong Bicycle

ARMSTRONG CYCLES LTD., SAMPSON RD. NORTH, BIRMINGHAM, 11

AP.5

The favourite for tea-time

CHIVERS JAMS

are on sale everywhere

* * *

For a change we recommend Chivers Plum Jam. Plenty of fruit—Lovely flavour.

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

MD1C8

Built to give your family's shoes *longer wear* and *greater comfort*. The name Goodyear is your guarantee. Ask your repairer for them.

GOODYEAR

SOLES & HEELS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS **GOODYEAR** TYRE

BEES *Guides for Garden Lovers*

1. Seed Book.
2. Spring Annual of Border Plants, Dahlias, Chrysanth's, etc.

Dept. J.B.) MILL ST. LIVERPOOL.

Platignum

as good as gold

MADE IN ENGLAND

For years this pen has been a "best seller" on its faultless service and attractive price.
There are a few Golden Platignum Pens about again now—at 6/8 including Purchase Tax. Also Platignum Senior at 4/8.

Obtainable from Stationers and Stores everywhere

MENTMORE MANFG. CO., LTD., PLATIGNUM HOUSE, LONDON, E.9

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Here's the **VERY RELIEF** *You* **NEED!**

Changeable weather brings out a crop of rheumatic symptoms, sudden twinges, aches and pains. Left alone they start trouble—so the sooner they are got rid of the better—and 'ASPRO' is your swiftest, safest means. THE SOOTHING, SAFE, PAIN-RELIEVING ACTION OF 'ASPRO' takes effect quickly—the pains fade right out. 'ASPRO' will prove again and again to be your defence against colds, 'flu, and for rheumatic sufferers, in particular,

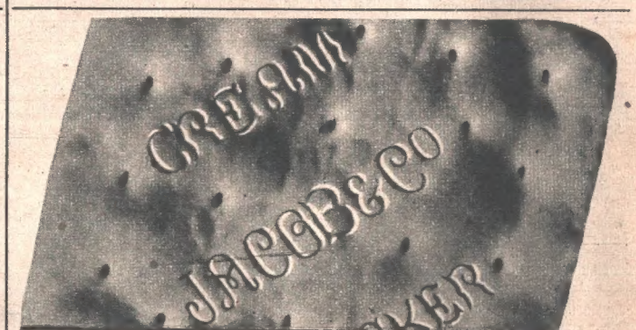
'ASPRO' *means* PAIN RELIEF & SAFETY

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

COMMON COLDS

When you catch a Cold use 'NOSTROLINE.' It gives quick and wonderful release. NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy clears head. Opens nasal breathing passages. Checks sniffing. Soothes sore nostrils. Lets you breathe and taste again. 'NOSTROLINE'. *Safe for infants and the aged.* All Chemists 2/- inc. tax.

'NOSTROLINE'



JACOB'S

the original **cream crackers**

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland 1½d. Canada and Abroad, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. Conditions of Sale: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London

MARCH 20, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2177

Holiday Tryout

NEXT WEEKEND IS a very important Easter. It will be a tryout for a year of austerity holidays.

No basic petrol. Foreign travel severely restricted. Railways overcrowded. Far more people packing into seaside places.

It looks like a super-season for the seaside profiteers. Unless something is done now, either by the Government or local authorities, there is nothing to stop them from making the biggest clean-up since seaside holidays were invented.

This will be bad for the Government's anti-inflation campaign, bad for the resorts which let some of their citizens profiteer, worst of all for the parents and children whose fun is spoilt by watching their holiday money pour away, and getting poor return for it.

JOHN BULL would like to see every seaside town council prepare and publish its own list of approved hotels and boarding houses, inspected and certified to give holidaymakers a square deal and a square meal.

Such organized pressure could soon bring the racketeering hotel owners and boarding house keepers into line, and would be preferable to any attempt by the central Government to freeze holiday prices.

Meanwhile we suggest that everyone who has not already booked for the summer holidays should write in the first place to the information office of the town where he intends to stay. Most resorts now offer this service, and too little use is made of it. The people who *know* about the hotels and boarding houses in a particular locality are the people on the spot. Let them advise you.

Making Nationalisation Pay

OUR NATIONALISED INDUSTRIES must be made to pay. Therefore Herbert Morrison is personally leading an inquiry into their management and working. He has undertaken a tremendously important job.

Nobody expects a vast experiment such as nationalising the coal mines or the railways to work smoothly from the word go. It took a hundred years to evolve the old system of railway management which ended less than three months ago. It shouldn't take anything like that to "run in" the new system, but a little time will certainly be needed for adaptation.

Coal has had the longest testing period, of nearly fifteen months. On the credit side, nationalisation can claim increased manpower and bigger output. But the financial figures of the the first year's working are expected to show a loss. And we already know about the losses on two out of three of our State airways.

Now one of the main arguments for nationalisation is that it should enable an industry to give better service to its customers while ensuring better wages and conditions for its personnel. And if it is to be justified, it must achieve these things, which depend on good management as well as on not having to pay out profits to shareholders.

This is where Herbert Morrison comes in. He has to make sure that the first mistakes are being corrected, misfits among the high officials weeded out, and sensible business principles applied.

Meanwhile, we must remember that some of the nationalised industries have inherited from their former owners worn-out equipment and obsolete methods. To replace the equipment and modernize the methods will inevitably take time and money.

So don't be too impatient.

Getting More Food

ONCE MORE the countries of our great Commonwealth are exerting their energies and lending their resources to help us. In Australia magnificent schemes have been launched to bring land into food production and to send us nearly a million pigs a year.

Meanwhile, the gigantic African ground nuts scheme is being pushed ahead, and other more-food-for-Britain plans are maturing and ripening.

Individually, the various efforts are great. Added up, they are magnificent. They will help to lighten our pressing food burdens. But pigs don't grow overnight; food takes months to grow and harvest, to ship to us. . . .

It will be several years before the African ground nuts scheme matures fully—already the objectives have had to be revised, because of unavoidable delays in getting machinery and other essentials.

The results will not appear on our tables and in our larders for some time. Until the food begins to flow from these new schemes, we must take what we can get from the Argentine, Denmark and elsewhere at the best prices possible.

And we must not forget that the solution to the food problem begins at home. It is fine to spend millions on long-term agricultural development in the Dominions and Colonies. It would be better still—and bring an earlier improvement in our rations—to spend more on developing and cultivating suitable areas here in Britain, and in stepping up the efficiency of home agriculture by proper buildings, co-operative use of machinery and other methods that have too long been neglected.

Science and Your Shoes

A REVOLUTION, long overdue, is about to begin in our shoe factories. Thence it will spread into our houses and schools.

At last shoes are to be scientifically shaped to fit human feet.

We congratulate the British Boot and Shoe Research Association on studying hundreds of children's feet and proving that some of the old ideas current in the boot and shoe industry are all wrong.

Because of bad fitting, serious harm is done every year to the millions of children who wear cheap, ready-made shoes. It is now disclosed that the industry's old formula for increasing the width of a shoe in proportion to its length is incorrect for most feet. So that even a child who gets the best possible fitting may still have unsuitable shoes. That will be put right.

Another pending reform is to design shoes which children won't grow out of too quickly. Every mother who has to budget both money and coupons carefully will appreciate this. So will foreigners, if the export side of our shoe industry exploits its new knowledge with vigour and enterprise.

What can be done for one commodity can probably be done for another. We recommend all British industrialists who have not already studied their products with a scientific eye to note what the shoemakers are doing.

New massage treatment gives you a lovelier complexion

THE modern way to care for your skin means using the Lux Toilet Soap massage technique of famous Hollywood and British stars.

Do start this simple beauty treatment: Whip up a generous Lux Toilet Soap lather. Now, with its creamy smoothness, gently massage your face and neck. Rinse with warm water, then cold.

After the very first treatment your skin appears lovelier. So start the massage technique film stars recommend as soon as you can get a tablet of Lux Toilet Soap. After a fortnight see how smooth your skin is — how free from blemishes.

Used by 9 out of 10 film stars

TL1454-1138-60. A LEVER PRODUCT

Glamorous DOROTHY LAMOUR, *star of Paramount's "Road to Rio," says: "This Lux Toilet Soap massage technique really smooths and beautifies the skin."*

b for baby — and bottle, and benefit, and blessing. **S** for satisfaction — and sleep. **n** for Nestlé's Milk, full of creamy goodness, made easy for little stomachs to digest.

V.P Wine

POINT BRAND

MAKES PARTY SPIRITS CLIMB

Ask for

V.P RICH RUBY

V.P SWEET WHITE

V.P BRITISH SHERRY

9/- EACH A BOTTLE

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY

When Mr. Therm turns coal into gas and coke the greatest amount of heat is extracted from it, and valuable by-products, such as tar and ammonia, are saved for making Dyes, Aspirin, M & B, Plastics, Perfumes, Nylons, and thousands of other useful things.

For cooking—GAS makes the most of coal

BRITISH GAS COUNCIL 1 GROSVENOR PLACE · LONDON · S.W.1

Sweet seventeen!

Yes, she takes her daily beauty treatment; it is SevenSeaS Cod Liver Oil. She knows that today's restricted food supplies cannot give her all she needs, so she takes the extra vitamins and nourishment the simple SevenSeaS way. She receives a generous reward—glossy hair, clear, creamy skin and sparkling eyes. Easily digested, sea-fresh and readily absorbed, SevenSeaS can be taken in capsule or liquid form.

SEVENSEAS PURE COD LIVER OIL

Obtainable from all chemists, oil from 1/6, capsules from 1/9

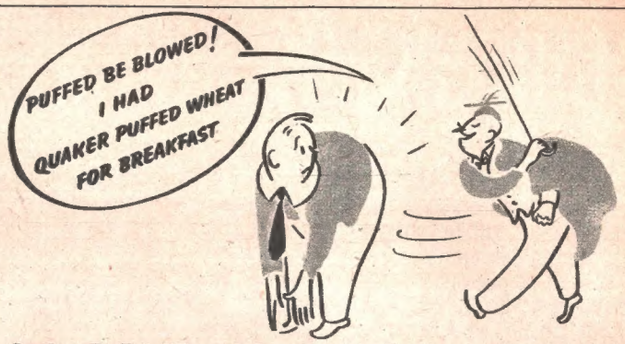
"OLD SQUAREFACE" returns!

"Old Squareface" is back again, ready for old friends and the new generation who will enjoy Hollands Gin for the first time.

(ASK UNCLE OR AUNTIE)

DeKUYPER HOLLANDS GIN

34/- PER BOTTLE

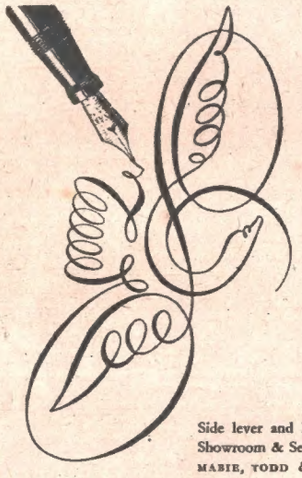


Quaker Puffed Wheat helps young bodies to grow because it is 100% crisp, light, easy-to-digest grains of whole wheat, chock-a-block with nourishment. 16 helpings, 1 point, 7½d. a packet.

A QUAKER PRODUCT

SYLVAN

keeps woollens fleecy new



Go and hunt for a Swan and recapture the bliss of having a pen of perfection like this!

Side lever and leverless from 21/- to 50/-, purchase tax extra
Showroom & Service Depot: 110 New Bond Street, London W.1
MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK STREET, LONDON W.1

THERE'S NO SECRET about her cheerful well-being—it is Inner Cleanliness with Andrews. FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. NEXT: Antacid in action. Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets. THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and cheeks biliousness. FINALLY To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves constipation and purifies the blood. *Family size tin 2/3*

(91-29) **ANDREWS** LIVER SALT

Tintex

for expert results in Home Dyeing.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Right! It's mineral and vegetable.
Fact or Fiction? *Fact. That's one.*
Manufactured? *Perfectly.*
Can you eat them? *No! That's three.*
Do they grow? *In popularity—Yes.*
Metal, Wood or Rubber? *Part metal, part rubber.*
Used in the house? *In the kitchen all ways.*
Many used? *Millions and millions.*
By most people? *When fruit's about—Yes.*
They're store cupboards? *They certainly* **Store!**
A preserving method? *An excellent one!*
Used with jam-jars? *Always. That's eleven.*
Easy—Snap Vacuum Closures.

That's absolutely correct!

Protect your furniture against WOODWORM with RENTOKIL FURNITURE CREAM

Rentokil Furniture Cream will not cure furniture already attacked by the woodworm (for this you need Rentokil Timber Fluid), but it will help to safeguard unaffected furniture from this pest, and give a brilliant and durable gloss. The price is 1/3d. and 2/3d. per bottle.

If you have difficulty in obtaining, write direct to:
Rentokil Ltd., School Lane Fetcham, Surrey

Put it on your shopping list

RADIUM Leather Dyes

Give Shop-window smartness to your comfortable old shoes

Use also
Zena Wax Floor Polish and Black Beauty Shoe Polish

RADIUM LTD · BROADHEATH · MANCHESTER

A Delicious Assortment of Toffees & Chocolates

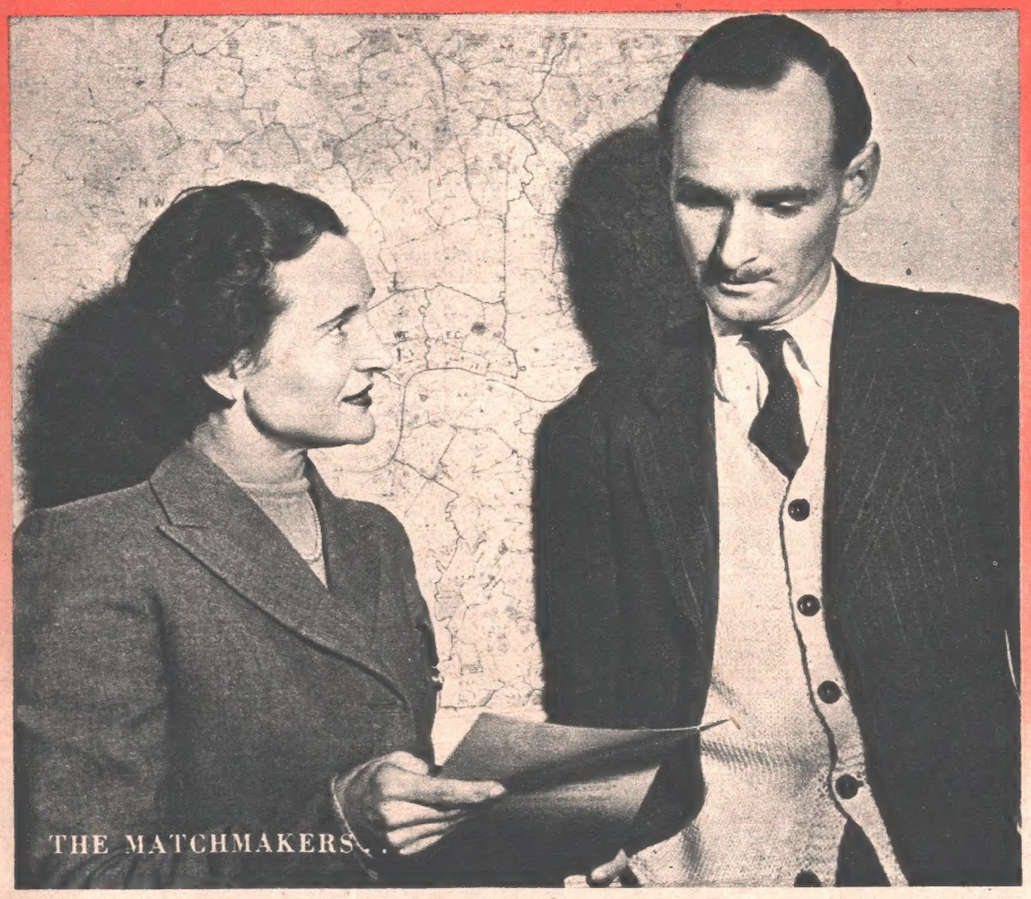
JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX

A specialist's report on agencies that help people in the

SEARCH FOR A LIFE PARTNER

Highly romantic people may regard the idea of marriage agencies as distasteful. Yet today the results of romance as the sole basis of marriage leave much to be desired. Give those who believe in the other —scientific—method a fair trial

by Dr. DAVID MACE
Secretary, Marriage Guidance Council



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. A. Cresswell, marriage bureau chiefs. Aim is to provide a needed social service

Interviews are confidential. Woman client gave special permission for this John Bull photograph

IN THE PAST TEN YEARS I have received a great many letters from people who have asked me to help them find a suitable marriage partner. I should imagine they must run into many hundreds—possibly thousands.

These people have written without any encouragement from me; for I have never held out any prospect of being able to deal with this problem. They have written in desperation, as drowning men clutch at a straw.

Their need has haunted me. And the attitude of society to this problem has distressed me. When I have brought up the subject in discussion, most people have treated it as a joke. When I have assured them that I take an entirely serious view of the matter, they have suggested that I was being fooled by cranks who were imposing upon my goodwill.

I decided to put this accusation to the test. I picked on some of the people who had written to me, and investigated the facts about them. I made no selection—just chose one or two at random from the bunch. The result reassured me. They were shy people and lonely people; but they were certainly not cranks. Some of them were very fine people indeed.

Where's the Right Person?

There was a nice working man whose wife had been killed by a V2, leaving him with two small children. There was a professional man, a widower with a four-figure income, who was acutely lonely but had failed to find a woman whom he could ask to share his home. There was a cultured girl in the Civil Service who worked in an office full of women and seemed only to meet men of a type which she could not respect.

And there was a woman doctor whose men colleagues were all married already and who worked in a little town where the few eligible men would never have considered her as a possible wife.

All these people desperately wanted to marry. They were all in my opinion capable of becoming excellent husbands and wives. Yet their circumstances provided them with little opportunity to meet possible partners. And they could not easily change their circumstances.

Gradually I have come to see that human stories

of this kind add up to a serious social problem which we must try to solve. It is not just a question of helping those people to find happiness. There is more in it than that. It is in the best interests of society as a whole that people who have the qualities which go to make good husbands and wives should marry—and, moreover, that they should find partners with whom they will be able to establish happy and stable relationships.

At one time, when there was real neighbourliness and a sense of community, young people met each other in a natural way because their families intermingled socially. Shy boys and girls had the chance of making friendships which ripened naturally into love. When they came to marry they knew each other's backgrounds and already had a great deal in common. People still meet and marry that way—and those are the most stable marriages.

Rely on Superficial Attraction

But more and more of us today live in great towns and cities where even next-door neighbours scarcely know each other. In order to make friends, such people have to go to organized social gatherings like public dances or commercial holiday centres. Under these conditions they have little chance of building deep friendships. They have to rely on superficial attraction, which is often little more than sex attraction. If two people do feel attracted, they must act quickly or they will lose each other in the crowd.

In this false atmosphere, people are snatching at each other in a wild game of matrimonial musical chairs, and then finding after marriage that they have little in common and no basis for a lasting partnership. Many excellent men and women never get into the swim at all. They feel like fish out of water in these garish social gatherings; or their conditions of work make it impossible for them to take part in them. These people need and deserve our help. What can we do for them?

Some of them can be directed to churches, clubs and societies where men and women meet in an atmosphere of natural friendship and serious purpose. But this may prove a long, slow, barren quest. I have known people who, given this kind of advice, have gone the rounds of half a dozen clubs and drawn a blank.

Not only so, but they have felt that they were unwarrantably making use, for their own ends, of institutions which existed for a very different purpose. How much easier it would be, they have said, if they could declare plainly that what they really wanted was not drama or sport, but marriage; if they could meet people engaged in the same quest as themselves, so that they knew each other's motives and intentions from the very start.

In pity for lonely men and women, I have twice—and twice only—tried to bring about introductions. Both attempts at match-making were unsuccessful. But these abortive experiments taught me something. They made me see plainly that, if you are to attempt to act as a match-maker, you must go in for it in a big way or not at all. The only basis upon which you can succeed is to have a large enough constituency to be able to offer each client a wide field of choice.

Having seen this clearly, I made no further experiments. But I became more and more interested, on behalf of the people I wanted to help, in the idea of the marriage agency.

I made a good many inquiries into the work of existing agencies, and thought a good deal about the requirements which a sound agency ought to meet. As a result, I divided the existing organizations into three fairly distinct groups.

First, there are agencies which act as a postal service and little more, and special matrimonial journals which carry advertisements for husbands and wives.

In addition to these journals, there are the little back-street shops with their *Are You Lonely* notices, and their promises of friendship, usually with a view to possible matrimony. No doubt there is some attempt at scrutiny and supervision; but it must at best be perfunctory.

This kind of service could be useful enough to a discriminating client, and happy marriages may have come about through it. But, in my judgment, a more serious and responsible approach is needed.

The *second* group of agencies consists of those who require from the client some assurance of his or her bona fides. Usually there is a form to complete, a declaration to sign, and often an interview is necessary. Some attempt is made, also, to offer introductions only to people whose credentials appear to make them suitable to each other.

Probably the best-known agency in this class is the Marriage Bureau in Bond Street. I have met Mary Oliver and Heather Jenner, who together launched this enterprise in 1939. Their idea was to lift the marriage agency out of the back-street atmosphere. Their choice of a Bond Street address has certainly achieved this.

According to a recent statement, the bureau "has to its credit 2,000 happy marriages and only two known divorces." Presumably this means that all the other unions brought about are assumed to be intact and happy—in the absence of information to the contrary.

The motive behind this enterprise is partly, at least, an attempt to provide a needed social service, although the bureau is also frankly on a commercial basis. A fee of five guineas is charged on enrolment, which entitles the client to an unlimited number of introductions. A further fee of twenty guineas is charged if marriage results from such an introduction. This is a lot of money—yet in practice plenty of people are willing enough to pay it as the price of finding a marriage partner.

Recently two agencies have been started which, while following the general lines of the Marriage Bureau, have sought to emphasize the principle of social service and to introduce further safeguards to protect clients. Both are run by ex-Army officers who wish to put their organization on the highest possible level. They have sought the approval of Church leaders, and offered to put their work under the direction of a disinterested committee which may lay down conditions to ensure the protection of the public.

Client Describes Ideal Partner

One of these is Marjorie Moore's Marriage Bureau, which operates at 392 The Strand. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. A. Cresswell, its promoters, are making every effort to interest responsible people in their project. They charge a registration fee of two guineas, and a further three guineas for three introductions based on descriptions approved by the client. There is no extra fee payable on marriage.

The other agency is the Bournemouth Marriage and Social Introduction Bureau, run by Colonel Norman Pannell. It is similar in its objectives to that of Colonel Cresswell. Colonel Pannell has issued a useful booklet on the need for this kind of service, with contributions from responsible people who have confidence in what he has set out to do.

The *third* type of organization seeks to go a great deal further still. There is at present only one organization in this category. This is the Marriage Society, of 1 Green Street, W.1. It is run by Mayo Wingate, a psychologist, and Geoffrey Whitehouse, an anthropologist. Both have made a considerable study of the marriage relationship, and they claim to approach their task on a thoroughly scientific basis. They have enlisted the support and help of other professional men and women.

The Marriage Society is more than a marriage agency. It is not concerned only with arranging introductions. To begin with, it will only accept clients who are considered to be fitted for marriage. In the first year since its inception in December, 1946, out of more than 3,000 inquirers it had enrolled less than 700 members. Many people are not willing to face the exacting conditions.

The "Pairing-off" Committee

First a form must be filled in which takes an hour to complete. This is followed by a personal interview in which some eighty-five questions are answered. In addition, some forty medical questions are put. Then the committee considers whether the candidate can be accepted. If so, a declaration has to be signed and the membership fee of ten guineas paid.

The special pairing-off committee then goes through the records and carefully seeks out suitable members of the other sex to whom introductions can be offered. The whole idea is to bring people together whose personality patterns promise a reasonable degree of compatibility.

Often it is found that clients need personal help before they are ready to be given introductions. Their attitude to the other sex may be wrong. They may lack self-confidence. They may not be making the most of themselves. Some clients have been sent to hairdressers and dentists, or advised about clothes. In a few cases this "pepping up" process has been so successful that the clients have gone off and made their own introductions without further help. All they had needed was to be given confidence in themselves.

Inevitably, the Marriage Society's method cannot promise quick results. Even when apparently suitable couples are brought together, they may not experience the indefinable attraction to each other which justifies them in embarking upon marriage. But when they *do* meet attractive partners through the Society, they know that science has already done all it can to ensure a basis of compatibility.

We are not all equally impressed with the idea of having our marriage partners scientifically selected for us. Highly romantic people may regard the whole conception as distasteful. Yet today romance is having an unparalleled opportunity to prove its worth as a basis of stable marriage, and the results leave much to be desired. It is surely only fair to let those who believe in the other method give it a fair trial.

Long acquaintance with the needs and troubles of men and women has shown me that there are many who are more than thankful to find a way out of what seemed a hopeless situation. All I ask on behalf of these people is that we treat them with understanding and tolerance, and not as the objects of cheap and cruel jokes.

And for those who, through the kind of agencies I have described, are trying to provide the answer to the social problem of our time, I ask whatever degree of respect the thoroughness and integrity of their work deserves.

There are doubtless marriage agencies run by irresponsible people whose sole object is commercial gain. But there are others run on very different principles, and it seems to me an injustice to condemn them without inquiry.

Most of this work is very new, and of necessity experimental. Time will prove what is sound and what is unsound. Until then, let us suspend judgment, and remember that in these days anything is to be welcomed which is likely to add to the total number of happy, stable marriages.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Fight Those Bogies!

IF you were asked to name the most destructive force in the world today, I am quite sure you would say "the Atom Bomb." You would be wrong! The most destructive force in the world is fear. An atom bomb can destroy bodies. Fear can destroy souls.

The world today is hag-ridden by fear. Humanity fears war; it fears the atom bomb; it fears hunger and unemployment and social chaos. Men fear each other. Nation fears nation.

This is not something you can leave to others to settle. Each individual is responsible for his own mental and spiritual sanity.

So realize that fear is largely the child of ignorance. The greatest terrors are always the unknown. Knowledge is the most potent shield against this monster. It's up to each one of us to find out facts, to try to understand.

If you are content to remain ignorant you must not grumble if your fears increase. The remedy is at hand—if you have the grit to apply it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

No funereal air about this informally clad embalmer. George Lear carries embalming equipment in specially made square cases

MEMORY PICTURE

by Hubert Cole

Of every five people who died last year, one was embalmed. Motto of man who tackles this strange job: "There can be beauty even in death"

GEORGE LEAR IS AN ENTHUSIAST and an artist. His raw material is death. He is an embalmer. Last year he, or his assistants, embalmed 4,435 dead bodies. Throughout the British Isles, George and his 500-odd fellow members of the British Institute of Embalmers handled between 80,000 and 100,000 cases, approximately one-fifth of the total death rate.

George dreams of the day when the B.I.E. will have not 500 but 5,000 members, and when every dead body in Britain will be embalmed. If he continues embalming and training embalmers at his present speed, he may live to see it.

George was seventeen when he first got interested in embalming. His father was an undertaker in Rochdale, and George had seen many dead bodies in many frightful forms.

Then the mother of a friend of his died in Canada, and her body was sent to England. A note on the coffin said that it might be opened. Inside, George saw his friend's mother in a summer frock, her hair set, her colour fresh, the body relaxed in sleep.

"She looked better than I had known her in life," says George. She had been embalmed.

George went to Blackpool, where travellers had told him there was a man who practised embalming. He picked up tips there, then went on to another embalmer in London. The embalming was efficient, but they were not getting the peaceful finish for which George was looking. "The 'memory picture' wasn't there." So he journeyed on to America.

Under United States law, no body may be moved from one state to another without having been first embalmed. Every body must be embalmed, buried or cremated within twenty-four hours. Since few can be buried or cremated in that time, practically every body is embalmed.

He Was Rebuffed at First

George stayed with a firm in Pittsburgh for nearly twelve months, training, assisting, practising. Then he returned to England. But he found no great enthusiasm for embalming among British undertakers. They did not share his view that "the most important part of a funeral is the corpse, not the casket." They turned deaf ears to his arguments based on both sanitation and sentiment. So he set up on his own in Stockwell, with a capital of £3.

His first case was Mary Brough, the actress. In his first month he had nine jobs in all. For one of them he had to go to Bromley. He had no money for the fare, and carried his two bags, containing instruments and chemicals, the full twenty-two miles there and back, to earn 27s. 6d.

The bags weighed eighty pounds between them. George never forgot that trip, lugging the bags the distance of two tram standards at a time and then sitting down for a breath. Since then, though George and his assistants all have cars, their bags are square and solid, with flat, collapsible handles, just in case they ever need to sit down in comfort.

The nine cases in that first month in 1934 had grown to 448 a month by December last year; George has twelve assistants, branches in Reading and Cardiff, and a head office at Carshalton. He has formed himself into a limited company. Secretary and a director of the company is Mrs. Brenda Thacker. George embalmed Mrs. Thacker's husband when he died in 1940 and Mrs. Thacker was so impressed that she decided to take up the work herself. Since then she has worked on 5,000 cases. George himself has done 25,000.

Why It's Closed to Women

George would like to have women assistants as well as men, to introduce peculiarly feminine touches, but the weight of the bags, though they seldom have to be carried far, is an insuperable handicap at the moment. Assistants have to serve a six months' training period and work on at least 500 cases before they are allowed to go out on their own. On the first 100 they watch, on the next 100 they assist, on the next 200 they undertake part of the work, and on the final 100 they do the whole job under supervision.

For the first three months they are paid £4 a week; for the second three months, £5 a week; for the remaining six months of the first year, £6 a week. After that they can reckon on a salary of about £10 a week. "There is not much money in this profession," says George. "You have to do the work because you like it."

The Lear Embalming Service works only for undertakers, not for individuals. Under Category "A" in the prospectus:

"The funeral director guaranteeing 1,000 cases per annum is provided with a permanent 'Lear' trained assistant, with a car, and is charged £1 1s. od. per case (shipping cases included). All materials, equipment, travelling expenses and gratuities; in fact, everything except mortuary and fixtures, is supplied for the above figure. There are no extras of any kind. During busy periods relief is available."

The charges increase through £1 10s. od. per case for 500 guaranteed cases to £3 3s. od. for occasional cases, plus 6d. a mile extra outside the Greater London area.

"It is not the public which needs educating to accept embalming, but the undertakers," says George. In all his cases he has had only one complaint—when a family unaccountably objected because the dead man's face no longer had a sagging jaw and chalky complexion after embalming.

Against that solitary objection can be placed the increasing numbers of families who have already had relatives embalmed and now return for further services. After embalming one elderly woman, George was approached by her fifty-year-old daughter, who asked whether she could have the same treatment straight away. But George has not yet found a way to embalm the living.

The procedure of embalming is simple. The embalmer goes to the body, whether it is in a private house or a mortuary, taking everything necessary with him, even a supply of water. An artery, usually in the arm, is injected with a chemical which "permeates the endothelial lining of the capillary."

The chemical has a basis of formaldehyde, plus spirit, glycerine, phenol and salts. It contains colouring matter which restores the freshness of the complexion; it sterilizes the body completely and

Continued on page 12

FALL AND RISE OF MRS. CRABBE

by Will Scott

ILLUSTRATED BY A. R. WHITEAR

When a woman leaves her job to marry—she really should quit. Mrs. Crabbe thought otherwise

The new librarian moved at once—"Kindly do not interfere." Now there was no hope they would ever like each other

WHEN MISS ILLIP left the public library to become Mrs. Crabbe the staff subscribed and gave her a present and wished her much happiness. Not that they cared whether she ever knew much happiness or not.

Never having been very much interested in Miss Illip, they weren't interested in the slightest in Mrs. Crabbe. They didn't like her, and they were sorry for the unknown Mr. Crabbe. But they gave her a present because it is customary for staffs to do such things on such occasions.

It was only a little present, for it was only a little staff. Miss Watson, Miss Kimms, Miss Heather and young Griddle, the only male.

So Miss Illip turned herself into Mrs. Crabbe and disappeared on a honeymoon. Miss Watson moved up and took her place as Librarian, and a young girl came in to help Miss Kimms, Miss Heather and young Griddle. The three old hands, glad to see the back of Miss Illip, looked forward to an era of peace.

It was rather a pity nobody had ever liked her, because as Librarian she had had her points. The public library had never looked so nice before she came, and it didn't look as nice after she'd gone. She had a tidy mind, which may not be very comfortable to live with or to work next to, but nobody can deny that it works wonders in a public library.

Nothing ever escaped her eye. If somebody dropped a bus ticket on the floor Miss Illip pounced. If books on the shelves stuck in or stuck out or fell over Miss Illip was soon there pushing the metal guards along and bossing the books into something like order. Catalogues and leaflets on the counter of the little pen where she and the others presided were always smartly at attention, and if she caught them slouching she was down on them at once.

And always in her day, whatever the season, there were two little vases of flowers, or at least two little vases of brightly coloured leaves, one on the "In" counter, one on the "Out" counter.

BUT there the fact was: people didn't like her. It might have been the way she looked at you, as if she was waiting for you to drop something or spill something. It was unnerving. You felt as if you had to go and do the wrong thing in order to get past a crisis. She flustered you. Getting the best out of the public library, she managed to get the worst out of every human being in it.

So, sorry though they were for the unknown Mr. Crabbe, the little staff gave a sigh of relief when he took her off their hands. "That," they thought, "is the end of the efficient Miss Illip."

But it wasn't. Almost before they could settle down to be really human and let the books on the shelves do as they liked and give the bus tickets on the floor a little peace of mind, the new Mrs. Crabbe turned up and filled in a form and became a borrower. And it was plain from the start that Mrs. Crabbe meant to go on where Miss Illip had left off.

Her ticket was being made out at the "In" counter when she spotted a bus ticket on the floor, pounced, and brought it back to the counter.

"No getting slack now I've gone!" she said in an arch sort of way, putting on what Mr. Crabbe must have thought was a smile. There were a few prominent borrowers in the public library at the time, and Miss Watson was very annoyed. She didn't like to say anything, so she blotted Mrs. Crabbe's card, handed it over without a word and dropped the bus ticket into the waste-paper basket under the counter. But when, a moment later, she saw Mrs. Crabbe across the room, bossing an untidy row of books into line, shoulder to shoulder, she made a hissing noise as she drew her breath in between her teeth. Miss Kimms, Miss Heather and young Griddle nodded, and the new girl looked up to see what it was all about.

"I'm not going to have much of *that*!" Miss Watson whispered. "When she went she *went*!"

But she had quite a bit of it. Mrs. Crabbe didn't seem to come in to borrow books so much as to pick up bus tickets, wipe specks off the window, boss the books on the shelves into orderly regiments and poke the flowers in the vases until they stood upright.

STANDING on a side table was a book with the word "Suggestions" on the cover. It was for borrowers' suggestions for improving the library service, suggestions for new books, suggestions for this, that and the other. Nobody could remember the last time it had been opened, but as soon as Mrs. Crabbe became a borrower it never seemed to be closed.

Miss Watson was furious.

"I shall tell her!" she declared. "I've never heard of such rudeness! I shall *tell* her!"

But she didn't. It wasn't so easy when she came to it. A librarian can't very well have a stand-up row with a borrower in a public library. Especially with a woman like Mrs. Crabbe, a woman almost certain to *win*. And she was so nastily right. There *were* specks on the window, and the books on the shelves *did* sag all over the place. Still, it gave Miss Watson something to grumble about when Mrs. Crabbe had gone out and she could fold her arms and go into conference with Miss Kimms and Miss Heather and young Griddle.

That was all right for a time. You can be very happy pulling to pieces a person you don't like in the presence of one or two others who don't like her either. But after a few weeks young Griddle went into the Army and Miss Kimms was moved to another branch and Miss Heather's family went to live at the other end of the country and took Miss Heather with them.

And so Miss Watson was left as the last of the old guard. Another month or two of that, with Mrs. Crabbe for ever in and out, putting things to rights, and Miss Watson hadn't the same interest in the branch. She applied for a transfer, and got it, and this particular public library saw her no more.

THE new Librarian was the surprise of Mrs. Crabbe's life. She was a square woman with glasses in front of eyes like ice. Her name was Miss Wicket and she was nobody's fool. She had one look at Mrs. Crabbe and her antics and she moved at once.

Mrs. Crabbe was putting the flowers in order in the vase on the "In" counter when Miss Wicket came in from the little private room with LIBRARIAN on the door.

"Kindly do not interfere," she said.

"These flowers were disarranged," said Mrs. Crabbe, giving an unfriendly sniff.

"*We* are here to see to things like that," said Miss Wicket.

Mrs. Crabbe glared at her and she glared back at Mrs. Crabbe, and any hope that the two women would ever be able to like each other was gone.

Miss Wicket picked up a pen and began to fill up an order form. She was ready to think no more about Mrs. Crabbe, because she didn't see that Mrs. Crabbe was worth thinking any more about, but when presently she happened to look up and see Mrs. Crabbe blowing dust off a shelf and rearranging the books at the end of the room, she flung down her pen and strode across the floor with steps that echoed all over the library.

"Excuse me, madam," she said. "I have asked you once not to interfere."

"These books were in disorder," said Mrs. Crabbe in a hard voice.

"*I* am in charge of this library," said Miss Wicket.

"In *my* day," retorted Mrs. Crabbe, "there was some attempt at tidiness."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean," said Miss Wicket, who was a stranger to the district.

"I used to be Librarian here," Mrs. Crabbe explained.

"Indeed?" Miss Wicket did not hesitate. Here was a nettle to be grasped and she grasped it. "Well, I am Librarian now and I cannot permit borrowers to interfere in the management. If you have come to borrow a book, I must ask you to take it and go. We cannot have disturbances here."

That was how it started and that was how it went on. Miss Wicket knew what she wanted and she knew how to get it. Whereas Mrs. Crabbe had a tidy mind, Miss Wicket had a will. Mrs. Crabbe had met her match and knew it. She might threaten to report Miss Wicket to the Education Committee but one glance at those icy eyes told her that Miss Wicket didn't care *that* for a hundred education

Continued on page 12

There can be no firm prospects of this sort of holiday for the time being. The Basic saving may appear small—but it's vital

BEHIND THE BASIC BAN

by HENRY CARR

British-owned wells produce millions of tons of oil. Yet the motorist in Britain has to lay up his car. Here's the background to our petrol problem

LIKE MOST PEOPLE, I know a man who opened a garage when he came out of the Army. He put his savings and his gratuity into it. Unless the basic petrol ration comes back soon, he looks like losing the lot.

The other night we were talking with a man who works for one of the British oil companies. He said that the wells which we own or part-own in the Middle East will produce for us at least 20,000,000 tons of crude oil this year. Our share of world production may work out at a lot more than that, but 20,000,000 tons is a sound conservative figure. And, on an average, forty per cent of that crude oil will be refined into motor spirit.

At this, the man with the garage cast up his eyes and flung down his beer. "Eight million tons of motor spirit!" he said. "We own it. We produce it from our own wells. We pay sterling for it. Last year we used less than 5,000,000 tons of petrol in the whole of the United Kingdom. So we still had over 3,000,000 tons to spare. Yet they cut the basic ration and pay dollars for a lot of the motor spirit that they *do* import. Am I mad, or is Gaitskell?"

The answer is neither; but it takes a good long look at a world picture of the production and consumption of oil to be convinced of it.

In 1945 the estimated oil production throughout the world was 375,000,000 tons. Today it is almost certainly far above the 1945 figure.

But since 1938 the consumption of oil in the U.S.A. has risen by seventy per cent, and on balance the Americans do not produce enough to supply their own demands; in 1938 those parts of Europe and Western Germany which will be affected by the Marshall Plan consumed 13,000,000 tons of crude oil and just under 20,000,000 tons of petroleum products in the year, but by 1951, Marshall Planners estimate that the consumption will be up to 31,500,000 tons of crude oil and 38,000,000 tons of finished products—an increase of over one hundred per cent.

Demand, then, keeps constantly ahead of supply. If the wells could produce half as much again as they do at present, the whole of the extra oil would be consumed immediately. At least, it would be if there were enough tankers to transport it.

If we had more refineries, we could import more crude oil and extract hundreds of by-products of value to industry, which cannot always be imported separately. We have some refineries already, handling nearly 100,000 barrels a day (the weight of oil varies: about seven barrels of crude oil to the ton, and about eight and a half barrels of petrol). The Government has authorized the expenditure of £95,000,000 to construct new refineries on the Manchester Ship Canal, the Thames and the Northumberland Docks, which, with expansion of existing refineries at Fawley, Llandarcy and Grangemouth, will bring production up to 20,000,000 tons a year—four times the present rate. But refineries in the U.K. are quite inadequate to deal with the tonnage of crude oil which we need for all purposes, including motoring.

The Petrol We're Saving

Yet that still does not answer the question why we have to abolish the basic ration when our own wells produce 8,000,000 tons of petrol a year and, even with the basic ration, we should use not much more than half of it. Is somebody else getting our petrol while we go short?

It was estimated that the basic ration for 1948 would be 960,000 tons. By abolishing this, but allowing 160,000 tons as supplementary rations for business purposes, we should save 800,000 tons this year. When the abolition came into force, those 800,000 tons of petrol were worth about £7,500,000. Now, with prices continually rising, they are worth nearer £10,000,000.

To that saving must be added the incomputable amount of petrol which was flowing into the black market. There is no doubt that the black market in petrol is still doing business—but the business has been very much restricted by the basic ban.

The important point about that £10,000,000 is that it represents oil—and therefore dollars.

If we had any oil to spare we should sell it for dollars. In fact, we do not have any to spare. Our commitments go even beyond the 8,000,000 tons which we count on getting from our own wells.

Our own consumption of petrol for 1948 is estimated at 3,800,000 tons. The sterling area will need another 5,600,000. The reason why we have to supply petrol to the sterling area is because we are its bankers. If other countries in the area are forced to buy outside it, we have to find the dollars to pay. In addition, we estimate needing another 2,900,000 tons for foreign trade.

It may be that we import more petrol from American sources and in American tankers than is necessary to cover the margin. That is because it is a more economic and efficient business proposition to trade that way. A tanker can do the trip from the Middle East to Britain five times in a year. It can do the trip across the Atlantic seven times in the same time. So we get our petrol for home consumption on the short haul, paying dollars for it, and sell our petrol nearer to the oilfields where it is produced.

At the root of the basic ban, as of every other restriction and shortage today, is the £250,000,000 in dollar debts that we are piling up each year. We are spending more dollars than we earn. And oil—as much as we can possibly save—is a certain dollar earner. Put up against £250,000,000, the saving of £7,500,000 or £10,000,000 doesn't seem to amount to much. But it is something. It is better than cutting our food or clothing.

Goes in Our Credit Column

We fairly happily go without new motor cars because we see them going abroad and the dollars coming back for them. But we are less happy about going without the petrol to propel the motor cars because we see it solely as something that belongs to us, and not as a valuable export to bring in dollars. Yet in 1946 the net profits of British oil companies, together with subsidiary receipts, amounted to £26,000,000—one-fifth of the United Kingdom's net "invisible exports."

Now, whatever we may think about it, we just can't afford at present to forgo an important sum of money of that kind. So it is better to forget any hope of an early return to plenty of petrol.

The only hope lies in the more careful and equitable use of the present restricted ration. The Services have already managed to make a voluntary ten per cent saving on their allocation for this year. The findings of the black market inquiry conducted by Chief Detective-Inspector Bill Chapman, Russell Vick, K.C., and W. E. Parker should do much to restrict the activities of those lorry drivers who openly boast that they can "make" five gallons on every two-hundred-mile trip.

If a stricter control can be imposed on petrol users; if we can share out what we have got by stopping the leakage of commercial petrol to the black market—then it *might* be possible to give the ordinary motorist a small basic ration.

MARSHALL

by MATTHE

The Marshall aid-for-Europe plan is a huge project which will affect every one of us. What manner of man is its architect? Here is an intimate study of George Marshall—the first World War captain who told off a general, the second World War chief of staff who is now plain mister, the world statesman who dotes on his vegetable plot and loves privacy

IN 1947, FOR THE FIRST TIME, the United States of America accepted fully the leadership in world affairs. And the man who rallied the Americans to their destiny, and by so doing rallied other free peoples of the world, was unquestionably George Catlett Marshall, one of the giants of our time. He is a statesman whose name, because of his plan, will live as long as those of Roosevelt and Churchill.

First, there was a redheaded boy with a snub nose and a freckled face, one of a middle-class family in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, who had no ambition except to become an ordinary soldier—but who became chief of operations of an American army in the first World War because he swore at a general. That was Marshall.

Second, there was an ageing American officer between the wars, teaching young soldiers and doing other routine work, unaware of greatness—but who was suddenly picked by Roosevelt, above dozens of seniors, to be Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army when the second World War broke out; and who was called by Churchill "the true organizer of victory." That was Marshall.

Speech that Made History

Finally, when the war ended, there was a soldier who was finished with great enterprises and was about to retire to his country home and his garden—but who was summoned to be Secretary of State and then made a speech which changed the history of the world. And of course that was Marshall, too.

It was on June 5, 1947, that George Marshall stood under the elm trees in the Yard at Harvard University to address the faculty and students. The peace he had done so much to win was going bad, and the world situation was black as night. Western Europe, shattered by the war, was sliding towards economic paralysis and political chaos. A great act of statesmanship was needed; and it came from the New World. Quiet, unimpressive in style and eloquence, contemptuous of emotion and heroics, Mr. Marshall spoke.

He said simply, in general terms, that if the nations of Europe would agree together to assess and integrate their needs and assets, the United States would underwrite their recovery. Then he waited for the effect.

At first Marshall's own country did not grasp the gigantic implications of the offer. But Europe did. "I grabbed it with both hands," said Ernest Bevin.

Two Sides to His Plan

The Marshall offer, let's face it, was a manoeuvre in the world-wide struggle for power between Communism and the rest.

It was quite plainly dictated by American fear of Red armies on the English Channel. But it was none the less a good and constructive thing if it meant renaissance for Europe. The fierce imperatives of today were brushing aside the hesitations of yesterday and the possibility of Western Union was born.

If Western Europe does grow into a great federated commonwealth the credit will go to George Marshall more than to any other. It will go to a straightforward, simple man who is genuinely surprised to think that perhaps he is a great statesman. To a man who wants to get out of the limelight and go back to his garden. A man who dotes on his vegetables. A man whose wife wrote of him: "His compost heap is the pride of George's life." A man so uninterested in party politics that he has never voted. But it will go to a man of great intellect and magnificent character.

Great—But Not Puffed Up

"Most great men are conscious of their greatness," I remarked to a member of the American Embassy in London. "Churchill, for example, must know his place in history. But after my first meeting with General Marshall I had the feeling that he was not conscious of greatness."

"You are probably right," the American replied. "If you were bold enough to suggest to George Marshall that he was 'a great man' he'd probably say, 'Well, I think I'm doing a good job—but great? The thought had not occurred to me.' He would be the last to think of himself as a figure in history."

Yet without doubt he is one of the greatest Americans of the century; and the fortunate thing, at this decisive hour, is that the American people recognize it. He is a cabinet minister in an election year, yet he is above the battle, caring not a straw for office. The people know it. They look at his picture and feel: "You are safe with this man. Here is strength and sanity. And goodness. And wisdom."

When he asks for the colossal sum of over £4,000,000,000 as a blood transfusion for the veins of Europe, the majority are with him.

Even Robert Taft, by reputation an out-and-out isolationist, has to pretend to go along.

Absolutely Incorruptible

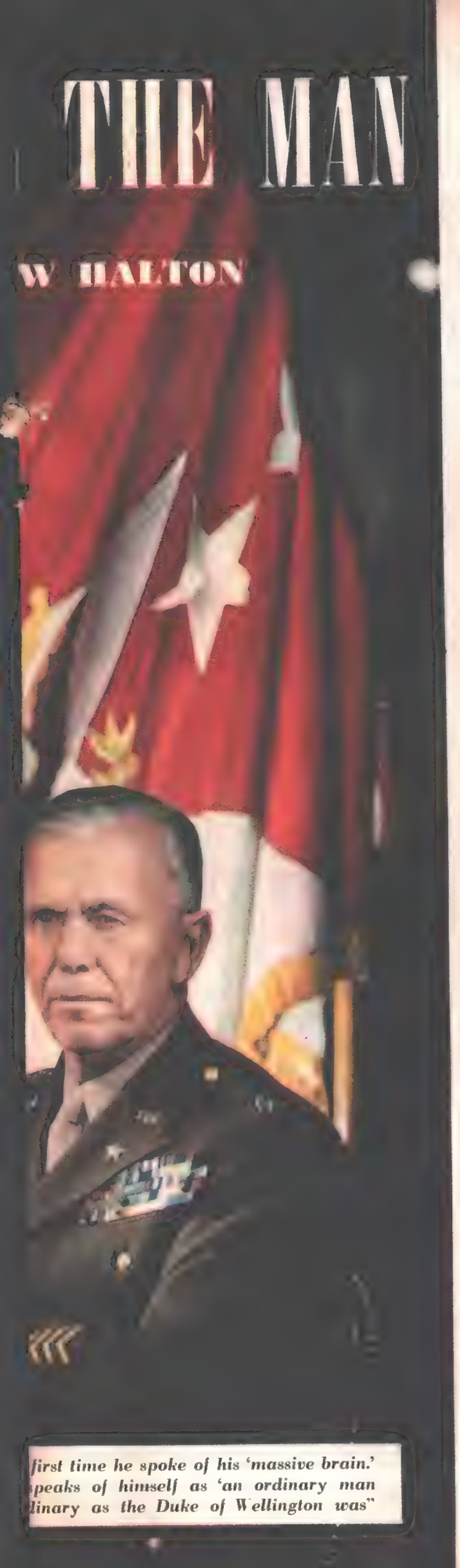
The people know Marshall is selfless. A man could hardly be more selfless. He is absolutely incorruptible, whether by money or power or—most heady and dangerous of all—applause and popularity. Even such towering characters as a Churchill and a Roosevelt can feel the intoxication of this wine, but not a Marshall. He would never move men and nations by flaming oratory; but he can move them by respect for his grand and commanding character. While Roosevelt was still alive Truman could call Marshall "the greatest living American."

At the age of sixty-eight, George Marshall is a man who is still growing in intellectual stature and vision. In the words of Henry Stimson, Secretary for War in Roosevelt's cabinet, "Marshall's ability has no ceiling. It expands with the job."

The man's history can be written in a few words.

The son of a middle-class family became a soldier. In 1917 he went to France as an infantry captain in the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Force—and one remarkable incident brought him to the attention of the great "Black Jack" Pershing. General Pershing was inspecting troops one day, and as usual the men had been

"After Churchill had met Marshall for the Yet Marshall, with incredible modesty, with good training.' He is about as or



first time he spoke of his 'massive brain.' speaks of himself as 'an ordinary man dinary as the Duke of Wellington was"

parading for hours, waiting and waiting on a burning hot day. When Pershing came at last to Marshall's company he seemed disposed to cut the inspection short; and when Marshall noticed this he spoke up with words seldom addressed by a captain to a general.

"By God, sir," he said, "these men have waited four hours for you to inspect them, and you *will* inspect them!"

General Pershing did inspect them. Then he took the captain's name. A little later Marshall was transferred to the general's staff as an aide. Before the war ended he was a brigadier-general, and operations chief of the American First Army.

He Was Roosevelt's Choice

After the war he reverted to his peacetime rank of captain and rose slowly over twenty years. He was only a colonel when the second World War began. But always he was working, working, working; doing the smallest jobs with the greatest care; devoting all his ability to every man he trained and every job he did. When the war came in 1939 he was almost unknown. But his work had been noticed. It had been noticed by an incomparable chooser of men—President Roosevelt.

And Marshall was picked, above thirty-four other soldiers with higher seniority, to be chief of staff and to prepare the American Army for the war that both Roosevelt and Marshall knew was coming.

How Marshall built that army into the greatest striking force the world has ever seen, in only three years, is a story which in itself would mark him in history; and how he managed the global war from the Pacific islands to Normandy astonished even his colleagues of the combined British-American staff. After Churchill had met Marshall for the first time he spoke of his "massive brain." Yet Marshall, with incredible modesty, speaks of himself as "an ordinary man with good training." He is about as ordinary as the Duke of Wellington was.

Apart from a great brain and a great, straight character, George Marshall has a single-mindedness, rather like Montgomery's, which goes right to the heart of any problem—whether the problem is the design of a tank or the form of a plan to save Europe. Objections cannot move him when he believes he is right. As his wife says in her book, *Together: Annals of an Army Wife*: "He reminds me of a horse which, when stung by a fly, merely switches his tail and continues galloping down the middle of the road."

Wife on "When He's Roused"

Mr. Marshall has married twice. His first wife died in 1927 after twenty-five years of marriage. In 1930 he married Katherine Boyce Tupper, a clergyman's daughter, herself a widow with three children. Marshall is deeply devoted to her, and prefers her company to that of anyone else on earth. Her book about her husband is disappointingly superficial for the most part, but it has flashes of revelation.

"Those who speak of George Marshall's retiring nature and modesty," she writes, "have never seen him when he is aroused. It is like a bolt of lightning out of the blue. His withering vocabulary and the cold steel of his eyes would sear the soul of any man whose failure deserves censure. No, I do not think I would call my husband retiring or overtly modest. I think he is well aware of his powers, but I also think this knowledge is tempered by a sense of humility and selflessness such as I have seen in few strong men."

The private life of this strong man is as simple and austere as his character. He is not "a lonely man," as some have said; he has dozens of intimate friends. But he treasures privacy. "I prize it," he has often said, "more than any one thing I possess." He is not cold, but he insists on his right to choose the people he has around him. He detests hearty people and backslappers. He avoids society and social occasions, and is a member of no clubs. He takes his lunch, of a sandwich and a glass of milk, alone in his office.

Marshall dislikes any hint or show of subservience to himself.

For example, he loses his temper when an aide or a secretary opens his door and then flutters apologetically on the threshold, waiting to be invited in. "If you've got business," he growls, "come in!"

One of the closest friends of his life, incidentally, was the late Field Marshal Sir John Dill, who represented Britain on the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington. In trust and affection the two were like brothers. When Dill died, Marshall wept.

The Secretary of State is happiest when at home with his wife, either in their Washington flat or at their country home in Virginia. With his wife he walks and reads—"He goes through a pile of books," she says, "like a swarm of locusts devouring a green field." He loves riding and fishing. But his passion is gardening. And to him a garden does not mean what he calls "fancy blooms": it means vegetables—asparagus, eggplant and corn.

At sixty-eight, Marshall can still do the work, physical or mental, of two ordinary and younger men. Throughout the war he rose at six thirty in the morning, ate a breakfast of bacon and eggs, and was at his desk at the War Department at seven thirty. He works as relentlessly as a machine, and his grasp of details and figures is as remarkable as his larger vision of global strategy or world affairs.

Importance of a Haircut

He attributes his good health of mind and body to the fact that once he is finished with a day's work he can go home and put it completely out of his head. "No post mortems," he says; "I have done my best and therefore my mind is easy." He has one idiosyncrasy. When he is very tired he goes out and has a haircut. "The shorter his hair," says his wife, "the more buoyant he feels."

George Marshall has made one great renunciation in his life. When the time came to choose a commander-in-chief for the invasion and liberation of Europe, Marshall was the obvious choice. He had proved himself one of the greatest administrative and organizing brains in the world, as well as a cool and brilliant master of strategy and a leader of men. He deserved the glittering prize; and even he was hungry enough for glory to want it.

But his job at home as the master brain behind the entire American war effort was even more important, and he knew it. One day Roosevelt called him in and asked him which he regarded as the most vital position—chief of staff or commander of the invasion armies. "That is for you to decide," said Marshall quietly. He wanted the appointment, but renounced it.

A Tribute from Three Britons

How Marshall won the absolute devotion of his British colleagues is shown by the remarkable and moving message he received, when the war ended, from Lords Alanbrooke, Cunningham and Portal.

It said in part: "Always you have honoured us by your frankness, charmed us by your courtesy and inspired us by your singleness of purpose and your selfless devotion to our common cause. . . . In bidding farewell to you who have earned our personal affection no less than our professional respect, we would address to you a tribute written more than two hundred years ago.

". . . Friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title and who lost no friend."

There is no doubt that George Marshall is, as his friends say, "a dedicated man." The fact that he lives is a godsend for Europe.

Continued from page 8

committees in a row. And she didn't. And she didn't care *that* for Mrs. Crabbe, and she set out to show her.

At the "In" counter Mrs. Crabbe was always kept waiting for her card. At the "Out" counter she was always kept waiting for her book. If she put in a request for a special volume it was always weeks before the special volume arrived at the branch. If she was ever careless enough to incur a fine it was never overlooked, as other people's fines were sometimes overlooked.

Miss Wicket hated the sight of her and showed it in every way she possibly could. Going to the library where once she had been Librarian, an absolute monarch, became for Mrs. Crabbe a very grey event.

Even grumbling to other borrowers did no good, for there was an admirable side to the new Librarian (if you didn't happen to hate her) and the other borrowers were inclined to take her side.

She might be careless in the matter of untidy shelves and accumulating bus tickets. She might leave flowers in vases until they fell to coloured dust. But she had Ideas. She started lectures in the back room, an exhibition of unusual books and old maps in the vestibule. She popularized the library and doubled the number of borrowers in six months. She might be poison to Mrs. Crabbe, but to the town she was a live personality.

It was Mrs. Crabbe versus the rest, and Mrs. Crabbe knew it.

It made her very unhappy. Apart, perhaps, from the mysteriously still unknown Mr. Crabbe, the public library had been the grand passion of her adult life. She had given her heart to it in her days as Librarian, and there had been scarcely an hour since when she had not thought of it. She had images in her mind of every inch of it—floor, ceiling, shelves, light switches round the corner, the inkwell with the dent in the lid, the date stamp that always said JUL when it meant JULY. It had been her second home. It had been her mission.

And to think of it now, its shelves untidy, its floor littered, its counters in disorder—to think of it now, and to know that the cause of the ruin was *popular*, this made her a very sad woman.

Things came to a head one Saturday night at eight o'clock, which was closing time on Saturdays at the public library. Mrs. Crabbe was looking for a book in the end bay and, almost shoulder to shoulder with her, Miss Wicket was replacing the day's "returns."

Mrs. Crabbe's sharp eyes noticed a book on the wrong shelf. She plucked it out and put it in its right place. Miss Wicket, who hadn't seemed to be noticing, at once pulled it out and put it back again where Mrs. Crabbe had found it.

"In my day——" Mrs. Crabbe began.

"Listen, madam," said Miss Wicket, "you tried *that* the first day I was here and it didn't work and it hasn't worked since and it's never going to work. You may have been the greatest Librarian that God ever put on this earth. I wouldn't know. But I'll have you understand that I'm in charge here now, and if you don't keep your fingers out of what is no longer your concern I must take steps to find out if there isn't something can make you. *I* am the Librarian here. You may have been, but I *am*."

"You are a grossly offensive woman!" said Mrs. Crabbe.

"You are an interfering busybody!" said Miss Wicket.

"There is such a thing as slander!" said Mrs. Crabbe.

"Not unless there are witnesses," Miss Wicket reminded her. "We are now the only two people left in the library. Your unsupported word would not be enough." Mrs. Crabbe snatched a book from the shelves and stamped to the "Out" counter.

"I'll take this!" she said.

"I'm afraid you won't," said Miss Wicket.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Crabbe.

"It is two minutes past eight," said Miss Wicket. "The library is closed. If you want this book you can come back for it on Monday morning."

Mrs. Crabbe nearly said something she had never said before, but the icy eyes of Miss Wicket were fixed on hers and she knew it would do her no good. Miss Wicket had won, because she had never known how to lose.

Mrs. Crabbe slammed down her book. "I will not set foot in this library again," she vowed, "until you have gone."

"It seems too much to hope for!" retorted Miss Wicket.

But all the same, it was true. Mrs. Crabbe kept away. One or two people, just once or twice, said: "We never see that dreadful fussy woman in here now—the one who used to be Librarian." But on the whole she wasn't missed and she was soon forgotten.

But though Mrs. Crabbe was self-exiled from her heaven the golden gates still knew her. Whenever she was in the High Street she would cross over so as to pass the beloved door and catch a glimpse of the green vestibule and the big black rubber mat with the name in white letters.

Many a time she nearly weakened and pulled her card out of her handbag to go in and prowl round the old bays. But always at the last moment she steeled herself and walked away. Or the sight of Miss Wicket, chatting there so cheerfully, so popular with all the borrowers, did the steeling for her.

"No!" she would mutter to herself. "Not so long as that foul woman is there in *my* library. Never!"

And never it was. After eighteen months Miss Wicket left the public library to become Mrs. Somebody-or-other. The staff subscribed and gave her a present and wished her much happiness and meant it. Some of the borrowers, hearing about the subscription, asked to be allowed to contribute just to show Miss Wicket how much she had been appreciated, so that it was quite a big present that she got. There was all about it in the local paper.

She was succeeded by a pale woman with a pale personality. Nobody ever really remembered what the pale woman's name was, or indeed took much notice of her.

On her first morning she noticed a borrower at the end bay arranging the books on the shelves. The borrower came to the "Out" counter and put on a bleak smile.

"Just tidying up a little for you," she said.

"Very kind of you," said the pale woman.

"I know what it is," said the borrower. "I used to be Librarian here, you know."

"Not really?" said the pale woman.

"Oh yes," said the borrower.

"Really!" said the pale woman.

"Look!" exclaimed the borrower. She pointed to something on the floor and pounced. When she came back to the "Out" counter she had a handful of bus tickets.

"Some people are *so* untidy!" she said.

The pale woman took the bus tickets and dropped them in the waste-paper basket.

"Thanks very much," she said.

"Not at all," said the borrower. "Always glad to help."

She smiled at the pale woman. The pale woman smiled at her. Then away Mrs. Crabbe went, humming a little tune.

Happy again.

"Bo!"

Island Story

During a recent school holiday, I visited a news cinema in Brighton and found a large number of schoolchildren in the audience.

The programme included a film quiz, and the children were shouting out the answers, correctly in most cases. However, when a picture of a swarm of bees was shown and the commentator asked the name given to bees in a hive, I was astonished to hear many young voices reply, in all earnestness, "Spivs and drones!" —*Cyril Bailey, Great Lea, Three Mile Cross, Reading, Berks.*

★

The other day an elderly woman came into our store and asked the price of some floor coverings. She seemed to think it dear, so I added, "Of course that includes tax, too." "Well how much is it without?" she asked. "I've got boxes of tacks at home." — *N. Kidd, 190 Quay Road, Bridlington.*

★

Friends who recently moved their home had to wait over a week before their new milkman would leave them any milk.

Twelve years ago, when we moved into our present house, it was a different tale: the front door step was strewn with milk bottles, packets of butter and eggs left by various dairies soliciting our custom. — *Mrs. L. Collins, 71 Hemsby Road, Surbiton.*

One guinea will be paid for readers' *personal* experiences reflecting different aspects of life in Britain today. All entries should be marked "Island Story."

MEMORY PICTURE: continued from page 7

also brings back the normal contours.

The virtue of embalming from the public point of view is that it is hygienic and a safeguard against the spreading of disease from a dead body which has lost all its natural resistance to the growth of germs. Spore-forming bacteria will continue in a dead body for months; embalming kills them immediately. It prevents the horrors of putrefaction, and it is significant that the demand from undertakers for George's assistance shows a steep upward curve during the summer months.

For the relatives, it provides that "memory picture" which George began to search for in his Rochdale days. The horror of death is taken away and the body appears to be sleeping, usually looking even younger than when alive.

Stays Perfect

The process of embalming takes only an hour, unless death has been accompanied by distressing contortions, which mean that the embalmer must use manipulative massage. The body, once embalmed, will remain in perfect condition indefinitely. In 1936 George saw a body exhumed which looked exactly as it had done when it was first embalmed in 1914. It was in 1936, also, that George V became the first King of England to be embalmed by modern methods.

Modern embalming has no connection with the Ancient Egyptian science of mummification. The Egyptians eviscerated the body, pickled it for ninety days in a bath of brine from the Red Sea, baked it in the sun, stuffed it with cassia and myrrh, painted it and wrapped it in linen. The modern embalmer relies entirely on injections.

Though George's whole aim is to spare other people's feelings, his own experiences have frequently been unpleasant and macabre.

Trapped in Asylum

On one occasion he was called to embalm a body in an old-fashioned lunatic asylum. There was no electric light in the mortuary, and George worked by the light of a candle. When he had finished he found that the door, as in most asylums, had an automatic lock. George had no key and, when his knocking went unanswered, it was evident that he had been forgotten. Presently the candle burned out. George was reduced to striking matches in front of the window until, about two o'clock in the morning, his signals were seen and he was released.

That he still has a long way to go in his campaign of converting the undertakers of England to a proper appreciation or even understanding of the science of embalming was brought home to George when he attended a case in Buckinghamshire. The relatives had asked for the body to be embalmed, and the undertaker had asked George to carry out the job. When George had finished, the undertaker paid his fee and asked, quite casually: "Will it keep?"

But, even in the face of such ignorance, George keeps on, arguing, preaching, expanding. He publishes his accounts annually in the *Funeral Service Journal* ("The Official Organ—Sixty-third Year of Publication"); shows a regular increase of around twenty per cent each year in the number of cases handled; keeps plugging away towards his ideal of a "memory picture" at every funeral.

"And," says George, "I would rather do this job at £5 a week than any other at £500."

how to cook green vegetables

For delicious flavour and fine health qualities, vegetables grown in this country cannot be beaten.

The simple, modern way of cooking gives you greens that are refreshingly *green*, tender yet crisp, delicate in flavour ; greens, moreover, that retain the greatest possible amount of their valuable vitamin C — the vitamin that helps so much to give clear skin and bright eyes, and that keeps you feeling fit and vigorous.

1 Wash the greens thoroughly but *quickly*. Cut cabbages into quarters to make washing easier; the looser "spring greens" type can be opened with the fingers and worked about in the water. Don't soak green vegetables, as this draws out some of the valuable vitamin C and mineral salts.

2 Cut out the stump of cabbage, remove coarse stalks of other greens. Then shred the greens coarsely with a sharp knife. Remember, the sooner they go from the garden or shop into the pot, the more flavour and health value greens give you. So don't buy or prepare them sooner than you need.

3 Put only enough water in the saucepan to prevent burning—about a teacupful for each 2 lb. greens. Add a little salt and bring water to the boil. When it is boiling *fast* put in the greens and shut down the lid tightly. This is most important.

4 Boil for only 10-15 minutes, shaking the pan occasionally to prevent sticking. Drain, and serve the greens at once. Keeping hot or re-heating destroys vitamin C. Save any liquid for soups or sauces — it's good, and good for you !

POINTS TO REMEMBER

Over-cooking, cooking in too much water and cooking with the lid off make vegetables soggy and yellow, emits an unpleasant "cabbage-y" smell and wastes precious vitamin C. Shredding large-leaved green vegetables enables them to cook faster, so saves flavour and health values.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS. Remove any old stump or outer leaves, make a criss-cross cut in the stump end of the sprout. Wash thoroughly. Cook small sprouts whole. Large sprouts may be cut in halves. Cook as directed above, *and for not more than 15-20 minutes*. BROCCOLI should be shredded, CAULIFLOWER broken into sprigs. SPINACH needs no water other than that which clings to it after washing; otherwise cook as other greens, being especially careful to shake the pan occasionally to prevent sticking.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(C.12)

FREE SPEECH

★ An Idea To Save Water In Drought
★ Ex-sailor's Plan For A Strong Navy
★ Lunacy Laws Want Looking Into

NOW THAT PLUTO appears to be a white elephant, its pumps and other fittings still kept in good condition, it should be possible to reverse the action and pump salt water inland.

Many uses could be found for brine, such as flushing drains and filling pools. Anything that would save drinking water in time of summer drought would be welcome.—F. DARNTON, 38 Church Road, Studham, near Dunstable, Beds.

Was This Journey Necessary?

A CARGO OF COAL was recently shipped from Methil to Gothenburg, Sweden, at £6 a ton. The freighter then loaded up with coal from Gdynia, Poland, at £8 a ton, freight, and brought it back to Leith, Scotland.

This type of trading is responsible for keeping Britain "in the red" on our export-import account.—G. L. HUNTER, 3 Stevenson Street, South Shields, Durham.

When Coal Goes Bang

GREAT UNEASINESS has been aroused in the coal trade following a decision that a merchant is liable for damages when foreign substances in household coal explode in the grate.

Why should coal merchants be responsible? Coal is supposed to be sorted at the pithead, so the National Coal Board should bear liability.—J. G. MCFARLANE, 166 Causewayside, Edinburgh, 9.

Weekend Matelots

HAD OUR NAVY been stronger none of the South American island grabbing would have started.

As an ex-submarine rating of twenty-three, I suggest that a part-time navy be recruited. Many ex-sailors like myself would be keen to join.

Big ports could have a cruiser or a battleship with a skeleton crew, the remainder being made up of "territorial" sailors at weekends. Smaller ports could have destroyers and even submarines.

One week in the year the ships could have sea-going exercises and the crews could be released from their work on full pay in the interests of the country. A strong navy is our first line of defence. —K. ORMROD, 10 Walter Street, Old Trafford, Manchester, 16.

⁂ The four naval reserves already in existence cover many of the points raised here. The R.N.V.R., which has twelve divisions throughout the country, is now under strength and wants more recruits.—EDITOR.

New Look Has Whiskers . . .

S. Cock

WOMEN still insist upon wearing the "New Look" which in fact is as old as the hills, and looks like "progressing" still further back.

All husbands and fiancés should grow large, untrimmed beards in protest. Such a counterblast would stamp out the New Look in its infancy.—S. COCK, 2 Railway Cottages, East Horndon, Brentwood, Essex.

. . . Nobody Wants It

SHOPPING RECENTLY with a friend, I found that every shop had only "New Look" coats to offer. Shop assistants told us that nine out of every ten coats sold were left behind for shortening.

What a wicked waste of material this seems to be if women do not want the New Look.—JEAN M. PERRY, 19 Fairfield Street, South Wigston, Leics.

Union Chief on Agitators

AS REGIONAL AND NATIONAL representative of my industry and chairman of my branch committee, I should like to answer William G. Miller, of Dundee, who wrote condemning agitators as bad workers (JOHN BULL, February 28).

Mr. Miller forgets that many improvements in conditions and wage increases have been due to "agitators," the people who had, at least, the courage of their convictions.

They carried out decisions of the rank and file while paid trade union officials stood bleating platitudes which have got nobody anywhere.

Trade unions have done a magnificent job of work, but we must not forget that in many cases their machinery has only been able to function through the activities of so-called "agitators" of the rank and file.—DON MCLACHLAN, 3 West Dock Street, Hessle Road, Hull.

Tall, Dark and Sleepless

Peter Darley

SINCE the time I began to take an interest in the opposite sex it has become increasingly apparent to me that attractive women seem to prefer ugly men. I am twenty-one, dark and exceptionally handsome, yet I make no headway, while less attractive friends carry off the spoils.

Perhaps women feel they show off to better advantage against not-so-good-looking partners. I spend many sleepless nights wondering how I can make myself unattractive enough to compete with the ugly men.—PETER DARLEY, Bradford, Yorks. (Full address enclosed.)

Jail Means Liberty . . .

INCONCEIVABLE AS IT MAY SEEM in a civilized community, it is possible for a lunatic who escapes from an institution to seek sanctuary in one of H.M. prisons.

As the law stands, if such a person is "sane" enough to avoid being caught for a period of fourteen days he cannot be sent back to the institution without being re-certified.

In a recent case at Lewes the escapee admitted that he deliberately stole a bicycle so that he could be sent to prison and thus avoid recapture during the fourteen-day period. This medieval law requires revision. — B. M. S., Solicitor, London. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Miss Jean Perry made a tour of the shops, found women renounced New Look

. . . Hospital Means Prison

ONE RULE IN THE MENTAL LAW cries out for revision. I was detained for over six years in a mental hospital, merely because my wife refused to sign for my liberty.

For the first three months I had mental depression and was not fit to be released, but after that time I was perfectly normal.

After special pleading the medical superintendent allowed me to leave. But the law that requires a sane man to be "signed for" or remain incarcerated for years needs altering. — "LIBERTY," Crumpsall, Manchester.

Rhapsody on Blues

HILDE MARCHANT'S ARTICLE, "Curing the Factory Blues" (JOHN BULL, February 28) gave me great personal pleasure, as I spent six happy weeks at Roffey Park in the autumn of 1945 and came away a new woman.

All the article says is true and more; they are wonderful people and doing a grand job. I went to Roffey Park on the point of collapse, not caring whether I lived or died. When I left six weeks later I was full of the joy of life again.

Good luck to Dr. Ling and his grand staff.—MRS. W. O. LLOYD, 54 Chalkwell Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

A Policeman's Lot

NOT ONLY DO POLICEMEN have to put up with bad conditions and pay but they have to tolerate the insults of every ignorant boor who does not actually obstruct them.

Having to chase some boys playing football in the street recently, I received every sort of sneer and insult from the few spectators. One man wanted to know if I hadn't anything better to do than chase boys enjoying themselves.

If the boys had put their ball through the window of this loud-mouthed fool he would have been the first to complain. —POLICEMAN, Liverpool. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Lieut. F. C. Parrott

I AM WONDERING if any of your readers could help me trace my son's grave or the spot where he was killed, as the War Graves Ex-Servicemen's Association has been unable to help.

He was killed in Burma and his name was Lieutenant F. C. Parrott, of the 2nd Battalion, Green Howards. — MRS. L. PARROTT, 24 Denbigh Road, Tipton, Staffs.

P.S. on Marriage

On page 5, Dr. David Mace, secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council, discusses marriage bureaux. This problem of finding a partner was also raised by Miss M. G. A., Sevenoaks, in "Free Speech" (February 28). Many letters from readers resulted. Here we publish a selection.

MISS M. G. A., SEVENOAKS, states that because she does not pub-crawl or dance she hasn't met a suitable bachelor. A seventeen-year-old male, I have friends of both sexes (some of Miss M. G. A.'s age) and they seem to have a very good time without either dancing or pub-crawling.

Her enthusiasm for a national matrimonial agency makes me shudder. If she wants to marry a description on an index card—well, she's welcome to.

Aloofness may be this young lady's fault. Nothing discourages an intending suitor more than aloofness in a female, however unintentional.—G. R. ABRAHAMS, JR., 45 Regan Crescent, Erdington, Birmingham, 23.

Join a Club

Mrs. L. Keeler

SURELY pub-crawlers would not be suitable life partners for anyone.

Might I suggest that Miss M. G. A. joins one or two clubs that go in for things she really likes — say music, literature, hiking, cycling, drama. There she would meet people who have similar interests and should meet the man of her choice.

Her future chance of happiness would be much greater than with someone whose interests lie in the things she so heartily dislikes.—MRS. L. KEELER, 44 The Croft, South Ruislip, Middlesex.

Shyness is a Barrier

I AM TWENTY-NINE YEARS OLD and wish to marry an attractive girl who can cook and has the same outlook on life as I. But I am shy of meeting girls of my own age. I like good music, British films, motor cycling and the countryside.

I therefore most heartily agree with the idea of a national matrimonial agency. —D. G., Crewe. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Predicament of Thousands

SINCE BEING DEMOBBED I have maintained a modest home on my own. Presumably because I don't go pub-crawling or dancing either, I am not likely to meet an unattached young WOMAN.

I am in the same predicament as Miss M. G. A., and as our cases must be multiplied many times throughout the country the idea of a national matrimonial agency is very sound.—D. J. CHESTER. (Full name and address enclosed.)

⁂ A number of readers have asked to be put in touch with Miss M. G. A. Sorry, no! It is against JOHN BULL's policy to act as a go-between in matters of this kind.—EDITOR.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

WILL IT BE ANOTHER IRISH NATIONAL?

by ALAN HOBY

This year Irish horses may take still another National in their stride. What have they got that our 'chasers haven't?

THE GRAND NATIONAL, which is being run at Aintree this Saturday, is the greatest steeplechase in the world. Some experts consider it to be the greatest of all horse races.

The magnet which draws thousands of racegoers to Aintree is the glorious, thrilling, unforgettable sight of horse and rider pitting their combined skill and strength against the hair-raising hazards of a course 4 miles, 856 yards long.

This grand spectacle is a wonderful advertisement, you would think, for the staying qualities of home-bred horses.

Unfortunately the Grand National is virtually an *Irish* monopoly. Although it is the "Blue Riband" of the English steeplechasing season, it is significant that English horses hardly ever win it. A glance through racing records will confirm that in the last fifty years the majority of Grand National winners were bred in the Emerald Isle.

Two of Ireland's Best

Heading the list was the famous black gelding Reynoldstown, first past the post in 1935 and 1936 and first double winner of the National since 1869 and 1870, when The Colonel achieved this feat. Reynoldstown's 1935 victory set up a course record of 9 min. 20 1-5 sec. In 1934 Golden Miller won in only 1-5 sec. slower time, but he was carrying twelve pounds more than Reynoldstown.

Few who saw that year's race will forget the superb "Miller," his coat gleaming like a burnished shield in the sun, sailing over the Aintree country. As a money spinner this great chaser lived up to his name, winning races worth £15,202 in all, including five Cheltenham Gold Cups in succession.

Other famous Irish invaders were last year's winner Caughoo, bought as a yearling for only fifty guineas; Lovely Cottage (1946), Workman (1939) and Sergeant Murphy, who had five shots at the National before finally pulling it off at the age of thirteen in 1923.

At Liverpool the only certainty is—uncertainty. In 1884 a horse called Voluptuary, which previously had never crossed a fence, galloped home first. Rubio (1908), which was bought as a yearling for £15, ran *unbacked* at 66 to 1. This was because he had once worked as a cabhorse. All kinds of animals seem able to win the Grand National—except a home-bred horse.

Caughoo, an Irish unknown bought for only fifty guineas, in the paddock after his 100 to 1 win. Leading him is Miss Mary McDowell, sister of the owner

The last purely English-bred animal to astonish the racing world by actually beating the Irish at their own game was Forbra in 1932. In nearly two decades, not a single English horse has managed to stem the triumphant march of the Irish. With twelve qualified entries, including stars like Caughoo and Loyal Antrim in this year's race, it's a fair bet that the Irish will bring it off again.

Why do the Irish have it all their own way with the jumpers? And why is it that a home-reared horse can so seldom win a race which is the most famous of its kind in the world, and, like the Derby, stands for all that is finest in horse racing?

One reason was given by a prominent owner, who told me: "Irish horses are rarely broken until they are four or five years old. When a flat race horse is that age his career is finished. From the time the foals are weaned until the day they are broken they run loose on vast acres of green Irish grass. And every day they come in from the fields they are encouraged to jump a wall or a fence. Indeed, they are jumping practically from the time they can run."

Another big point in favour of the Irish is that they have unrivalled grazing facilities. Over here food is short. So is forage. All round, it is becoming more and more difficult for us to produce the sort of tough, indestructible, go-on-for-ever breed needed to win a marathon like the Grand National. With their natural advantages of good climate and matchless breeding facilities, the Irish make a real business of breeding jumpers.

Despite austerity and war-born difficulties, jumping everywhere is enjoying the biggest boom in its history. There are more races and bigger prizes than ever before. This, I believe, is due to two factors: first, the present spirit of escapism and unrest; secondly, the gambling chance of making easy money which can't be taxed.

Does the Grand National help breeding—backbone of all racing? Taken on a broad basis, the answer is no. Nearly all Grand National winners are geldings. It is only on very rare occasions that an "entire" horse beats the field.

Stallions Seldom Win

One such example was the American horse, Battleship, which won the National in 1938. This animal, which was eleven years old (average age of National winners is between eight and nine), was a freak. His American owner took him back to the States where he produced a number of foals. But horses of that age seldom produce good racing progeny. Again, it is extremely unusual for a mare to win. The last time one triumphed was forty-six years ago when Shannon Lass was winner.

No, frankly, the Grand National is a barren affair from the breeding viewpoint although, of course, winning it adds value to the sires—as well as to the strain of winning jumpers.

Nevertheless, it is one of the most colourful, dramatic and daring races. It has been called cruel to the horses by animal lovers; and has been condemned as dangerous to the riders.

But mere danger (actually fatal casualties to rider or mount are rare) has never daunted "over-the-sticks" jockeys. To them, riding over Aintree's obstacles is the high peak of living. And today, after nearly 110 years, the National still puts a higher premium on courage and endurance than any other sporting event in the world; and at least the Irish haven't a monopoly of those qualities!

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IN THE EXCITEMENT of watching the coloured jackets flow over the National jumps, few spectators remember the men of the St. John Ambulance Association waiting quietly at danger points. But when things go wrong on the landing side of a jump, the lads in black and white uniforms sprint to help the injured. Among the first-aid men's admirers is Gilbert Wilkinson who deliberately selected his cover incident as a tribute to their fine work. But chances of a spill (as the article on this page points out) have never yet stopped the great-hearted men and horses from li[illegible] up at the National starting post.

with my feet up

Better Self Intrudes

As I sat brooding over my typewriter, there was a swish and I found my Better Self at my side. It was very annoying and I gave him a scowl.

"Dreaming instead of working?" said Better Self. "Shame!"

"I'm thinking, not dreaming," I said.

"Ah, that's better. An empty mind gathers no moss," said Better Self. "Thinking about your work, I suppose."

"No. Thinking about food."

"Greedy. You live to eat instead of eating to live, ha! ha!" said Better Self. "You're wishing you could have had another helping of semolina pudding at lunch, I expect."

"No! Thinking about a statement made by a food expert. He said that rationing would continue for at least as long as the lifetime of the youngest of his interviewers.

"Cheer up, you'll soon be dead," laughed Better Self.

"And have to give up points for the funeral baked meats," I said.

"Quite right," said Better Self. "There should be a minimum of celebration on such occasions."

* * *

"Anyway, after a generation of rationing the black market will no doubt be better organized than it is now."

"Oh, surely you wouldn't touch the black market, would you?" said Better Self in a shocked voice.

"Wouldn't I? I'd touch anything for a nice piece of ham or a few pounds of fresh butter."

"Disgraceful! And just as I thought you were getting used to living on sausages with packet peas and dehydrated potatoes. You let your stomach get the better of your morals," said Better Self.

"You let *your* morals get the better of *my* stomach," I answered.

"I suppose you're one of those people who would like to go abroad," countered Better Self disparagingly.

"Certainly," I said.

"Fleeing from Britain in her darkest hour. A rat leaving a sinking ship, eh?"

"Not so much of your sinking," I said. "It'll float all right."

* * *

"You ought to be down a mine," said Better Self.

"A fat lot of good that would do the coal situation," I said.

"You should put your shoulder to the wheel, your back to the wall and your hand to the plough," said Better Self.

"I'm not a contortionist," I said.

"All this talking isn't getting your article written," said Better Self.

"You started it," I said.

"You're very rude," said Better Self. "If I were not here to watch you, you would never get any work done at all and *then* what would happen to you?"

"I should become a drone like you," I said.

by Ian Fox

AS I WAS SAYING... by HERBERT HODGE

Anthony Trollope, of course, went on writing even when seasick

ONE FOR ALL, ALL FOR ONE

I've got an interesting batch of readers' letters in front of me—mainly disagreeing with my remarks a few weeks ago about fair shares all round.

When I said I thought everyone ought to get half a lump of sugar in their tea (if they wanted it) before anyone got four lumps, I thought I was saying something that most of us in this country, nowadays, take for granted.

But if my letters are anything to go by, many people still feel that they, personally, are superior people and therefore entitled to something better than their neighbours.

In my weaker moments, I envy people who can feel like that. But I can never kid myself to that extent. If I'm sometimes better off than the man next door, I believe it's mainly my good luck.

Contrariwise, if I'm worse off, I'm apt to believe it's my bad luck—though, of course, it may be partly my own fault.

Other readers accuse me of "blindly supporting the Labour Government." I'm no more able to kid myself about the Labour Party than about any other group of struggling human beings.

The reason I generally support Labour is that its ideals are nearer to my own than are those of the Conservatives; and because I've come to the conclusion that striving for my ideal is the only satisfactory activity life can offer me. Whatever else fails me, that never fails—probably because I can never reach it.

The most interesting letter of the batch comes from a Birmingham reader, who seriously takes me to task for believing that fair shares all round is something worth striving for. "Do you believe," she asks, "that the reward for decency and goodness consists of material things?"

No, I don't. But I've noticed that I find it easier to be decent and good when I've got the things I need than when I haven't.

Next Meal or Noble Thoughts?

I know, for instance, that I'm a more tolerable person to live with, now that we've got a house to ourselves, than I was when we had to share a house with two other families.

I know that, after eating my dinner this evening, I shall be able to lie on my bed and think some noble thoughts. But when I'd got no dinner and no bed, and had to lie out on the grass all night, I could only think a lot of low thoughts about fish and chips and spring mattresses.

These experiences lead me to believe that if more people can be certain of dinners and beds, there'll be a chance for more decency, goodness and noble thinking in the world. And that, it seems to me, is about as far as politics can go. The rest depends on the individual.

My correspondent goes on to point out that many of the world's great works of art were produced in pain and suffering. So they were. But other great works, and great religious works at that, were produced by artists who couldn't paint a stroke unless their meals were delivered on time and they had plenty to drink on hand.

Anthony Trollope, of course, went on writing even when he was seasick, but I don't think he ever claimed that it improved his work.

If Life Gets Too Cushy

What seems to worry most of the readers who disagree with me is the thought of making everyone too comfortable. They fear that a general increase in physical comfort will tend to make many of us lazy and complacent.

I don't think there's any danger of our being too comfortable just yet. But it's an argument I find very difficult to answer. It hits right home.

If I've got the rent, and enough to eat and drink for, say, a month ahead, I immediately want to take three weeks' holiday. There's only one thing that prevents me: the promises I've made to deliver certain work on certain dates; and the knowledge that I couldn't face the people concerned if I let them down—my feeling of personal responsibility.

But when I was young and single, and doing manual work, I could never see any point in working if I'd got the price of a day off in my pocket. I felt little sense of personal responsibility, as a small cog in a large machine.

A Substitute for Fear

And there, of course, lies Socialism's great snag. Not that it troubles only the Socialist. It's the chief worry of every large-scale organization—the problem of persuading each individual to feel a sense of personal responsibility for the whole.

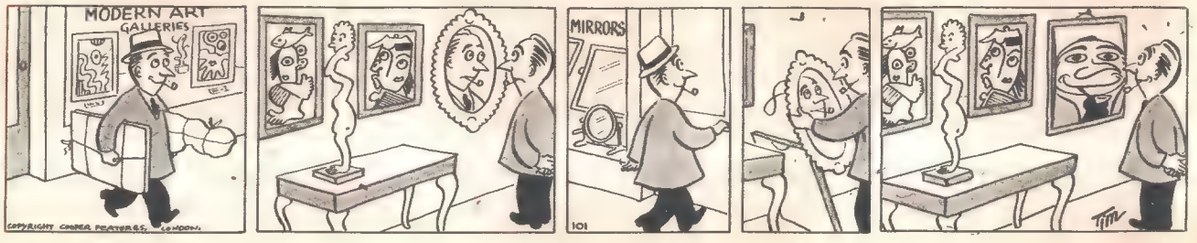
The old-type capitalist organization relied mainly on fear—the fear of unemployment. Our present Government tried to harp on the same note—in the "Work or Want" posters, giving only the negative side of the picture.

Fear isn't good enough for democratic Socialism. We've somehow got to make that sense of personal responsibility a positive conviction. I believe we can do it if we try hard enough, but it's something no government can do for us. It depends almost entirely upon what each one of us can do for himself.

The fact is that democratic Socialism demands for its success a more intensive form of private enterprise than any other system known to man.

The question is: how long will it take some of us to wake up to that fact?

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM



At last he managed to slam the massive door shut. It wouldn't bother him again

ILLUSTRATED BY S. R. BOLDERO

THE CLANGING DOOR

by Frank H. Shaw

There was just one uncharted rock on the skipper's course—Conscience

THERE IT WAS AGAIN—like the sombre tolling of a funeral bell. Captain Fry pulled the hotel blankets closer about his ears, but the ominous sound persisted, penetrating even the gale's furious rattling of the windows.

Tormented by the sound, Captain Fry left his bed and stared through the window. Whenever the moon broke through the storm clouds he could see the wreck piled high on Deadman's Reef.

It was that incessant thresh of water against the split hull, he knew, which caused the melancholy sound. The *Fortunatus* was stirring restlessly on the rock-fangs that had brought her to disaster. Every time she rolled, even if but slightly, the bulkhead door clanged back and forth, arousing ghostly echoes.

Fry returned to bed, but not to sleep. Continuously the erratic, mocking clang! clang! hammered into his wakeful brain. He decided quite firmly that he would shift his quarters in the morning. Maltravers, superintendent of the line owning the *Fortunatus*, had told him that he was expected to stay at Seapool while attempts at salvage were made.

"Then there'll be the Board of Trade examination, of course——" added Maltravers. Fry wasn't scared of that ordeal—not a living soul knew that he was to blame for the steamer's loss. Indeed, there was evidence enough in the ship's log books to acquit all hands of blame. The watchkeeping officers had written in the record how unusual the currents in the Channel had been that voyage, and also the phenomenon that—probably owing to exploding mines and the blowing up of wartime wrecks—the character of the sea's bottom had changed, making soundings unreliable.

Fry decided to leave the Anchor Hotel. He would shift his quarters to the "Stag and Bottle," on the far side of Deadman's Reef. That pub was well to wind'ard of the wreck, and so this soul-chilling sound wouldn't reach his ears during the nights of his enforced stay.

But grim thoughts still haunted the sleep-denied man. The sheer shock of the grounding had carried away the foremast of the *Fortunatus*; in its fall it had swept seven of the crew clean overboard. "They'd have died anyway—sooner or later!" said Fry to himself, restlessly turning from side to side. Their faces grew against the blackness behind his firmly closed eyes. Several of them were married men with families. The pallid, strained faces of women took shape in his restless mind. Well, those women would be compensated. The company owed them that, since their men had died in the company's service.

"You murdered them!" He sat up in bed, his heart quickening its beat. He was almost certain he had heard a voice muttering those words. He listened. Only the clang of the steel door came to his ears—that and the sound of the surf on the Deadman. Murdered them! Nonsense. Seamen were paid to run risks. Those dead men might just as easily have been washed overboard during a storm in mid-ocean. They might have died of fever or by falling from aloft, as Hemingway died when the derrick-span carried away.

CAPTAIN FRY gave up the attempt to sleep, switched on his light and concentrated on a book borrowed from one of the salvage crowd. *Nemesis* was the thriller's title. Not exactly a well-chosen bedside book! Yet it was possible to laugh at its absurdities. Here was a man who killed a friend for the sake of gain. But the inherited fortune proved to be the killer's undoing—even after he had been completely absolved of all criminal intent. Not that things happened like that in real life. Fiction writers let their warped imagination run away with them.

Nevertheless, conscience sent a cold shiver along Fry's spine. He hadn't murdered a friend, but he had cast away the *Fortunatus* for personal gain. Damn the fellow who had made the deal. Yet. . . .

With the promised £2,000, payable the moment the *Fortunatus* was declared a total loss and the insurance paid out, a man might do plenty. Marry Eva Lingard, for one thing—though she did give herself airs and consider herself too snooty to marry a common merchant-ship master. Once let him get her to himself and he'd teach her a few lessons about uppishness and sham pride. A decent shipmaster was a good enough husband for any woman. Look at Pemberton, captain of the *Deciduous*. He'd married a countess. And a countess with plenty of money, at that.

If only the faces of those seven men wouldn't intrude between a reader's eyes and the printed page!

Nor had he surrendered easily to the offer of the crook who had organized the wreck. "If I'd held out I could have whacked him up to three thousand, I fancy," meditated Fry. "A pity, perhaps——!" The clanging door seemed to echo his thought: "A—pity!" it said. "A—pity—you—killed—the—ship!"

Fry was still awake when the chambermaid brought his early morning tea. Moodily he rose and glared through the window. The *Fortunatus* was still fast anchored to the rocks which gripped her mangled keel. Now the finest salvage crew in the world could not drag her clear of the Deadman. And the daylight seemed to have taken the menace from the knell-like clanging.

All that day the weather was too bad to permit a search for the dead. Fry could do nothing but wait. To kill time he visited the "Stag and Bottle," a cheap ale-house, but was refused a room. The landlord's manner was surly, and he gave Fry a malevolent smile as if he shared the shipmaster's secret.

Captain Maltravers seemed reluctant to let the master of the *Fortunatus* leave the town. "You never quite know when you might be wanted, Fry," he said

It's baby

who does the choosing

Mother says she chooses the right milk for baby, but she doesn't really. Baby's progress does the deciding. Lovely firm limbs, steady growth, sweet, sound sleep, and few tears—these speak louder than words. And you'd be surprised how often they speak for *Ostermilk*.

Steady progress tells you

OSTERMILK

is right

OSTERMILK is made by Glaxo Laboratories Ltd. who, from the very beginning, have led the research towards a "best-possible" bottle food for babies.

★ *Send 3d. for the Ostermilk Baby Book: Dept. 110, Glaxo Laboratories Ltd. Greenford, Middlesex.*

E.9

just right!

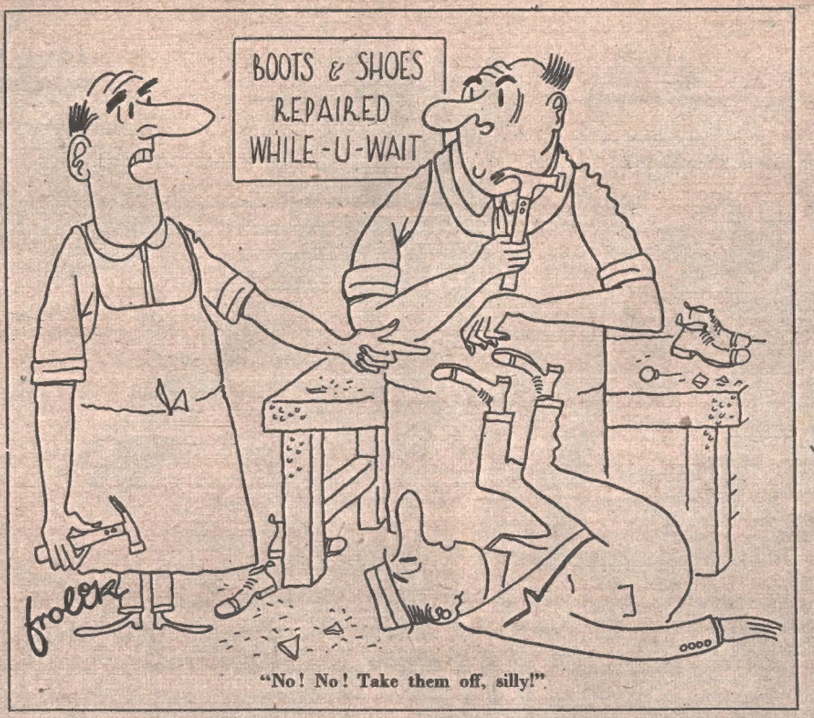
In 1919 one small workshop proved John White "just right". To-day, eight modern factories strive to meet the big demand. Sold by good retailers everywhere—at popular prices.

JOHN WHITE

FOOTWEAR

Made by John White (Impregnable Boots) Ltd. Higham Ferrers, Northants.

John White FOOTWEAR



"No! No! Take them off, silly!"

gloomily. "As she breaks up you'll be needed to identify what comes ashore." So that scotched the idea of moving inland out of hearing of the clanging bulkhead door. It must be, he judged from the remembered sound, one of the steel storm doors fitted to the forecastle; stout bulwarks against the rush of boarding seas.

There was a new face in the saloon bar of the "Anchor" when he visited it. The newcomer was the very man who had offered the temptation, though he affected to be a complete stranger to Captain Fry—didn't so much as smile when he showed up. He'd obviously come down to make sure that what he was paying for was worth while. Indeed, after lunch, he knocked on Fry's bedroom door and entered.

"Well, that's all right, Skipper," he said, carefully closing the door behind him. "They all say she's there for keeps. You did a good job with her."

"You bet I did!" agreed Fry.

"This your first shot, at—well, at what you did?"

"Of course." He was indignant. Did this crook think that he made a regular habit of casting ships away for personal gain? "When do I get my share?" he asked bluntly. He wanted to be in a position to go to Eva Lingard and offer her marriage.

"The minute the underwriters settle up, and that shouldn't be long," said the newcomer. "Yes, you made a thorough-going job of her, old man. Let a few more gales like this come along and there won't even be her keel left on the rocks—no evidence!" He winked again. "If you happen to get another ship, Skipper, let me know; we might do business again."

"Once is enough," growled Fry.

"You're not conscience stricken by any chance?"

"Why should I be? She's only a ship. Plenty more where she came from." He put a little swagger into his manner. This fellow needn't consider him a tyro.

"We'd best not be seen together any more than can be helped," said his visitor. "But your share is O.K.; I've never let a man down in my life."

But even that assurance could not bring rest to Fry. Although the clang of the door had not been apparent during a day of storm, once night came it grew insistent. Up there in his room it was a louder threat than before. No sleep again——

Towards morning he had a brilliant idea. What was to prevent him visiting the wreck and stopping the noise? There were locking bolts which could be jammed fast, holding the door securely, making it as solid as the bulkhead itself; only when it was torn away could it stir again.

The sea was pretty bad and no boatman would venture the trip, though Fry explained that he had left valuable belongings in his cabin in the hurried abandonment—irreplaceable possessions.

Another night brought a repetition of the dirge-like clamour. Maybe the wind had shifted a bit, for now the thing seemed to be possessed of a devil. It clanged with a continuous, savage insistence. At times Fry got the impression that the loose door was actually inside his head, jangling his thoughts, making them incoherent.

Eventually he could bear it no longer. With first light he went down to the little harbour, which was sheltered from the worst of the gale still blowing strongly across the Deadman. From the deserted harbour he grabbed a dinghy and pulled out strongly past the breakwater.

As soon as he emerged from shelter the seas lunged hungrily at him, but Fry was expert at handling a boat under such conditions. Slowly he edged up towards the Deadman. He worked a skilful way to the leeside of the reef and, calculating carefully, tied the boat's painter round a ragged spur of rock.

Then he climbed ashore and, though the swirling breakers tugged greedily at his legs, contrived to reach the side of the stranded *Fortunatus*. A raffle of loose ropes hung over the side. They were slimy and treacherous, but he negotiated them and stood triumphantly on the deck. The ship had suffered—everything movable had been washed away by the heavy seas.

The hull shivered under his feet, and then he heard the clang of the bulkhead door—loud and terribly ominous. It was exactly as he had thought. One of the storm doors of the forecastle had come adrift; each uneasy movement of the ship caused it to swing widely open, each successive motion clashed it against the steel of the bulkhead, producing that death-knell note.

Soon scotch you! he thought, and warped his way for'ard. It was no easy job. Quite a few seas came aboard. Twice he was swept clean off his feet, but the struggle roused him to defiance. He just refused to be licked.

The door swung as he gripped it—tore clear of his numbed fingers, clanged ominously. He grabbed one of the locking bolts, but it was rusted, immovable. Another, however, submitted to treatment. It worked loosely on its pivot, and he slammed the weighty door shut and dropped it into position. That was that; no more death knells to disturb a man's rest. But a big sea thundered aboard and seemed to loosen the holding-bolt, which was a clamp, engaging with a wedge-like protuberance on the door.

A tap with a hammer now, decided Fry. But where to find a hammer? The carpenter's shop was on the fore side of that bulkhead. He dived into the alleyway protected by the door. As he opened the inner door to the carpenter's shop the steel door slammed shut. He took a maul from the shop and returned, but the steel door refused to open. That loosened bolt had dropped into the locking position.

Against the implacable strength of the bulkhead door his heavy hammer was useless, though he used it until his body ached. After a while he desisted, cast about for a means of escape. But the scuttles of the forecastle were too small to permit the passage of a body, and the skylight was snugly battened down from outside. He was trapped.

He'd stopped the door clanging, though, he thought vaguely. It wouldn't disturb a decent man's sleep again, not even if that sleep were as long as death.

If only those harsh shrieks of tearing metal would stop. Then a man might dream of a prosperous future, shared with Eva—the girl who had made him a murderer.

But the torn metal continued to protest as the *Fortunatus* broke up.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Rent Shark?

A REGULAR READER is worried about the rent demands made on his sister-in-law. He writes:

"She rented a house and small shop at a standard rent of £1 a week. The landlord pays all the rates except the water rate, which is £2 13s. a year.

"The landlord did a few repairs, painted the front of the shop—and raised the rent to £1 5s. He now wants to raise it by another 1s. 2d. a week, which he calls a tithe rate. Are these increases justified?"

They do not appear to be. The tithe rent charge is payable by the owner of a property, not by the tenant. It is probable that the first increase of 5s. was not in order either.

Only permissible increases are (*a*) increases in rates; (*b*) eight per cent annually of the cost of structural alterations and improvements (not repairs).

The landlord should give a proper notice setting out how he arrives at the increases. Any overpayments made during the last two years can be reclaimed by the tenant.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

COME to this year's DERBY!

Let this week's Winners help you to a Free Trip

"BULLETS" 1,618 FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus EASTER CELEBRATION: Miss A. McCann, 7 Adelaide Terrace, Douglas, Isle of Man: HAS TO BE REALIZED *Workers* CAN'T AFFORD RISES!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: Mrs. I. Luff, 57 Dialstone Lane, Stockport: VIEW OF BRITAIN—IMPROVED—COAL HIDING GASWORKS.

THIRD PRIZE, £20: N. Webberley, 18 Daisy Road, Thorneywood, Nottingham: DANGER TO DEMOCRACY—"I DON'T UNDERSTAND POLITICS!"

OTHER AWARDS: £15: B. Hopkinson, 109 Buchanan Gardens, Kensal Rise, N.W.10: BETTER OFF—*Without* THAT URANIUM "PILE"? £10: H. W. Rose, 127 Ramsgate Road, Broadstairs: HAS TO BE FACED—RUSSIA'S BARE-FACED TWO-FACED "FACE." £9: Mrs. W. F. Bolter, 170 Beeches Road, West Bromwich: FOR THE CHILDREN—RELIGION? WE'RE *All* "CHILDREN"! £8: E. J. Barker, Annisgarth, 23 Kentrigg, Kendal: ONE FALSE STEP AND—MY QUEUE ALL "SERGEANT-MAJORS." £7: L. E. C. Sturman, Glen Roy, 33 Granby Road, Stockport: HAS TO BE STOPPED—GAP—STOP "STOP-GAP" METHODS! £6: H. G. Williams, "Hobdens," Crowborough Hill, Crowborough: HAS TO BE ISSUED—BY *Worker*, PROSPERITY'S "PERMIT."

THREE of £5: F. Pope, Barkham Ride, Wokingham: POWER POLITICS—SHAKING KING PENGUIN'S "THRONE"? A. E. Richardson, Balholm, Laleham Road, Margate: HAS TO BE ENDURED—AUNTIE'S "COMMUNISM"—SHE'S "CAPITALIST"! R. K. Weldon, 9 Upper Castle Park, Belfast: TRUSTED WITH GRANDPA'S—TRICYCLE—HAS ENGINEERING DEGREE!

Fifty Easter Food Parcels and 1,948 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated April 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

DERBY PRIZES

heading Awards value over

£300, £25, £10 EACH PLUS DERBY TRIP

£500

A trip to the Derby for Two, seats at the Palladium, hotel accommodation, meals and fares—all will be free for each of this week's three chief cash prize-winners. They will also receive the proceeds of £1 bet on the winner of the Derby at official starting price.

£9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5

50 "Bullets" Seasons, 1,948 "Good Shot" Prizes.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

Richer World
Banner Of Democracy
Miss America
For Security
In The Trade Derby
Things Look Grim, But
Not Enough — The Gap
Communism — Embarrassing
At Any Price — Like Sheep
Sounds Good — Looking On
Housewife's Budget
Worked A Miracle
Evening Of Their Lives
Canteen Rissoles
At Sandy's Sale
What The Inspector Said

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Think Of.....And Where To.....
.....For Me Now It's.....
On Auntie's..... .....Promise

XWORD £100 and SURPRISE PARCELS

this week—value up to £225

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s).

Plain-paper Squares, same rate of Entry-fee. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 10.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature upon coupon constitutes agreement to Rules.

£100 First Prize
Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up—12-item Parcel of Foodstuffs, Cigarettes, etc., from Selfridges with each prize value £1 or over.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT—XWORD 570

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Guile. 2, Bass. 5, Will. 6, Fake. 11, Ham or Haw. 12, Cloud. 13, Grig. DOWN: 1, Gulf. 2, Ballot. 3, Slant. 4, Day. 7, Eve. 8, Peach. 9, Spoon. 10, Short.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: R. King, 78 Woodside Road, Cwmbran, Newport, Mon.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 15 entrants. Winner and Runners-up receive Surprise Parcels in addition.

XWORD 573. Owing to misprint, Clue 11 Across is cancelled and will be totally disregarded in adjudication.

CLUES FOR XWORD 574

Across

1. Resistance of this often produces foam
3. Shark may hang around one awaiting suitable opportunity
6. The plucking of this can quite likely get you into difficulties
11. No man wants his mother-in-law to come to
12. There are times when this is useless unless stout
14. It's only fair to say many a fool is this

Down

1. Vigorous attack is required for opening these
2. On occasion one is devoted to children
4. Modern artist may be influenced too much by
5. It's unlikely that doctor would order one to give up
7. In the old days, many children were this when very young
8. One who bets on horses relies largely on
9. Clippers may quickly leave one
10. You shouldn't indulge in vigorous one just after breakfast
13. One may easily distinguish this, from the oak, elm and other poplars

ADDRESS ENTRY:

"BULLETS" 1,622 (or XWORD 574), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Ap. 10 containing **Grand Holiday Cash Offer**

435
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

Special Easter Closing Postmark,
1,622 TUES., MAR. 30
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

1B	R	I	2D		E	■	3		U	4G
A	N	N	A	■		G	5P	■		S	R
	■	■		■		6G	O			S	E
S	O	7S		8	■			■		R	E
■		T	O	A	S	T	S		■		
9S	P	A	■		P	O	■	■	10S	■	
11H	A	R		■		12H	E	■		P	■
O	■	■		13A	O	L	■	■	■	■	
R	E	E	L	S	■	14B	O	R	■	■	
	■	D	■	■	■	A	R	T	574		

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value..... Special Easter Closing Postmark.
No..... TUES., MAR. 30
Signed..... **574**
Address.....
.....

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed] 19

Spring CLEANING

Order your Hoover NOW—in good time.

SPRING CLEANING's only just round the corner. So don't delay. See your Authorised Hoover Dealer and order your Hoover Cleaner *now*, so as to get it in good time. The quality of the latest post-war models is higher than ever. There is a model for every size and type of home, but supplies for the home market are limited, so order *at once*. Prices from £10.10.0 to £21.0.0 (plus purchase tax).

★ *Cleaning Tools now available*
—see your Authorised Hoover Dealer

the HOOVER
BEATS
...as it Sweeps...as it Cleans
HOOVER LIMITED · PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX

Don't let your wife see this

She's bound to be smitten with the looks of this Sobell model; and you won't be able to crush her with your technical knowledge, because you'll have to admit that you've never seen or heard a set to equal it at the price. So you might as well buy it now and surprise her. You'll save yourself so much time and trouble.*

SOBELL RADIO

★ **2 YEAR'S FREE ALL-IN SERVICE IN THE HOME**

Advt. of Sobell Industries Ltd., Langley Park, nr. Slough.

Safety in Numbers

333 Rich Ruby, 444 Rich White and 999 Rich Tawny, each equal in strength to port of vintage years, are not yet plentiful because of restricted shipments. By making easy the choice of good wines for festive occasions, they richly reward successful search.

333 RICH RUBY **444** RICH WHITE **999** RICH TAWNY

EMU AUSTRALIAN WINES

15/- a bottle from your usual supplier.

THE EMU WINE CO. LTD., LONDON, E.3

By Appointment Australian Wine Merchants to H.M. The King

Where can we see the best utility and unit—free FURNITURE?

Why! SMARTS of course!

FREE! *Portfolio containing photos of unit-free and utility furniture (plus radios and most other things for the home), details of Smarts 24 month Credit Terms, cash price list and advice on how to obtain units. Learn without obligation, how easy it is to furnish wisely and well at Smarts. Post coupon now.*

Mr./Mrs./Miss .....
Address .....
.....

SMARTS 19-23 OXFORD STREET, LONDON.
(Branches throughout Britain)
2028

A meal you'll remember—

when it starts with Batchelor's Soup!

Food News! Batchelor's, famous for their peas, now turn skill and experience to canned soups. Not only the finest ingredients, but recipes many cooks would give the world for!

Of course, they're not plentiful yet, for Batchelor's *insist* on quality before quantity, but you should be able to get your share of Batchelor's Tomato Soup or Windsor Vegetable—both delicious!

When supplies get better you'll see other exciting varieties. Meanwhile, get Batchelor's whenever you can—you'll know it's worth while!

Batchelor's SOUPS

BS 2C-76

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

SOL-145-76